THE COMMONWEAL

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CONTENTS

The Newer Gnostics 309
Week by Week 311
Getting Educated 314
The Language of Men 315
The Russian Church and Reunion ..... John Mitterauer 316
The Cliff Hamlet (*verse*) ..... John Hanlon 317
Conditions in Palestine ..... Donald Attwater 318
Lou Félibre d'Irlando ..... Charles Roger Miller 320
Football and Philosophy ..... James H. Ryan 321
Monet: Prophet of Impressionism ..... Morton Zabel 323
Poems ..... E. Merrill Root, Theodore Maynard, Josephine Emery, Elizabeth Case, Louis Ginsberg, Mary M. Rooney 325
Communications 326
The Play ..... R. Dana Skinner, T. W. 328
Books ..... Ernest Sutherland Bates, Edwin Ryan, George D. Meadows, Thomas Walsh, Francis A. Litz, Sister M. Eleanore, Frederick H. Martens, Paul Crowley, T. C., J. M. Kenny, Jr., R. G., A. F. 329
The Quiet Corner 335

THE NEWER GNOSTICS

THE recent spectacle of two popular demagogues in public debate about whether or not man is a machine may be termed a hopeful spectacle. It proved that a topic which speculative science has long since discarded as outworn is still enough of a popular novelty to draw a crowd. It indicated a fact that is far too frequently left unnoticed—the fact that the great majority of people have been practically immune to the wave of theory and counter-theory which, in the name of science or of philosophy, has swept down the universal academic avenue during recent years.

A survey conducted some weeks ago seemed to testify to the same thing, in so far as it supported the inference that belief in God and the fundamentals of Christian faith is as wide-spread in the United States as it ever was. When a young French writer speaks of his generation as "one which has suffered the corrosive influences of Bergson, Proust and Freud," he is, therefore, the spokesman of a club rather than of the community. Barring the effect of a few mechanistic ideals like "success" and "comfort," the average citizen has drawn spiritual sustenance from nothing except the remnants of his heritage of Christian tradition. The hero in one of Jacob Wassermann's novels observes that the ethical vocabulary of most men and women is limited to 500 words, with the help of which they struggle to orientate themselves. We have not, one may respond to the satirical opinion of this hero, devoted enough attention to the remarkable significance of those 500 words. Each one of them means a spiritual conquest garnered from revelation and human experience and then passed on in convenient, practical form to all the members of society. The circumstance that so many of these conquests have been preserved, that so many are still active forces in the shaping of life, is about the only reason why mankind has not battered out its brains. "Honesty" is as yet a thing to which the crowd clings, not because it has developed the word out of its own consciousness or has realized its content, but because it has inherited it in the same way as a face or a farm is inherited.

If this situation is real, the opportunity to develop a Christian code of living may justly be considered very promising. As a people we are now practically in the same mental state as the generality of the followers first gathered by the Apostles—that is, we hold in about the same simple way to the same simple doctrines, and we have got the same essential facts into our heads. But one has only to hurry back a little into the history of early Christianity to realize that

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this situation involves a great and disturbing danger. Up until the time of Augustine, no problem was more important than stabilizing what may be termed the "intellectual content" of Christianity. The things which men were to believe had to be safeguarded against the excesses of unreason. The things men were to do had to be connected with motives for acting. This twin necessity was demonstrated by nothing so well as the growth of that strange Gnostic body which insisted upon treating religious history and doctrine not as historical and spiritual fact, but as a series of symbols which would reveal esoteric wisdom. The difficulties involved in combating the Gnostics were so great that if we possessed no other record of Augustine's activities excepting his campaign against them, we should still have to mark him as a man of almost incomparable mental energy. For the Gnostic imagination and curious interest in mystery are characteristic of human nature and its spiritual hunger.

And so it is quite natural that our own time should be a peculiarly Gnostic time. European commentators were much struck recently by the growing prowess of an American Bible sect in various countries of the continent. The slogan, "millions now living shall never die," claims to repose upon private information about how to read the future out of the Scriptures; and numberless simple Europeans appear to have taken it so seriously that the peace of communities is endangered. Our own country is constantly being startled by similar outbursts of emotion. From these on up through the more highly intricate systems of theosophy is only a short way. Persons prominent in art, politics or affairs subscribe to the most outlandish mystical interpretations of religion. The crowd follows in a kind of awed stampede. It is difficult to understand how any normally reasonable human being could believe in the chaotic doctrine of the German Rudolph Steiner, whose description of the universe in which we live was half garbled science and half Christianized myth; but he gathered so many disciples that he actually came to be regarded as a danger to the state. In the United States, the wonder is not that seats are at a premium in the temple occupied by Aimee Semple McPherson (now fully restored to her rejoicing flock) but that cults as bizarre as the most forgotten of ridiculous heresies should blossom out again.

We have seen dowager priestesses, arrayed in awesome robes, ascending mahogany staircases attended by their retinue of faithful souls, to hold forth in the most amazing jargon about the events of years to be. There are scenes in certain very discreet circles which baffle reporting—scenes in which the throng of devotees recites with a pathetic fervor incantations inherited—in a very bad translation—from erratic ancients like Averroës and Appolonios. Neatly printed books, obtainable for almost nothing, will introduce you to a code of thinking as remote from the actual world as the fantasies of Debussy. The people who read them seem to be overwhelmed by the fact that they cannot understand. "Unknowable matters" are, indeed, the stock in trade of all this vast and peculiarly coördinated movement. Is it all mere romanticism? Is it ignorance? Or is it rather just a plain symptom of the fact that very many people are looking for something they do not possess?

It seems to us that the last question is the only one that need be considered. Both romantic fancy and ignorance lie at the source of the newer Gnosticism, it is true. But they are not of themselves creative; they could not cause the tremendous venture of faith that is involved. What has happened is the same old story of allowing an idea, a truth, to cut one loose from human moorings. After all, reason is the life of man; and if religion be permitted to live in a state of divorce from that life, it grows steadily more grotesque, more like the titanic meanderings and excesses of cosmic nature. The Gnostic processes are difficult to define, but one can always find an appropriate explanatory analogy for them in such things as volcanic eruptions and deserts of whirling sand. That they cannot be laughed out of the world, or argued away in an easy-going half-hour, ought to be sufficiently clear by now. They are harder to deal with in the twentieth century than they were in Augustine's time, because they are harder to get at. A great many other things have entered into consciousness. There is really titanic meaning in the fact that somebody or other offered to turn Santa Sophia—the temple which above all others in the world was dedicated to divine intelligence—into a hall for jazz. For the merry buffoonery of this music is the symbol of modern unreason. The next thing we know, the topic "Is man a machine?" will be debated in the Santa Sophia. It is logically next on the program.

To weld reason and faith, to do over again in modern form the old synthesis which was the chief work of doctors and confessors, is clearly a difficult task. Fortunately the first step has been taken. Men know now, at least, that the two are not hostile elements. They have only to look abroad a little to discern the abnormal effects of their separation. Man without faith is arid, limited, uncreative. Man without reason is a spiritual nomad who has forgotten even language. It is, therefore, not wholly a matter of chance that religious renaissance is, in our time, so generally also an intellectual renaissance. The poet who discerns eternity from the level of the present day is also a philosopher who can talk of truth. Therein, it seems to us, lies a most important consideration for the Catholic Church in the United States which was once told that it had here an opportunity it would never seize. We do really need to be reminded again that man is a rational animal. We must understand once more that the man whose spirit is hungry may not necessarily be able to distinguish the materials of disorder from the materials of sustenance.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

WHATEVER may be the findings of the latest group of Americans now in Mexico studying the relations of that country with the United States, the body headed by Herbert C. Herring of Boston, chief of the social relations department of the Congregational Churches of America, has accomplished more in clarifying for the whole world the attitude of the Calles government toward the Catholic Church than all the statements and counter-statements hitherto published. Because these apostles of friendship desired to get at the bottom of the dispute between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities in the neighboring republic, they determined to submit to the Mexican episcopate a series of clear-cut questions which would demand definite and specific answers. The bishops expressed their willingness to answer all inquiries submitted and a meeting was arranged, with Bishop Pascual Diaz, secretary of the episcopate, acting as spokesman for the hierarchy. At the conclusion of the conference, a Jewish rabbi, speaking on behalf of the visiting delegation, paid tribute to the complete frankness with which every question had been answered, and to the value of the answers as a contribution to the solution of the problems which were being studied. Addressing Bishop Diaz, he said he hoped, after having listened to the explanations given by the bishops, that there would be a fuller understanding both in Mexico and in the United States of a difficult situation, and that men of good will everywhere would be heartened by the outcome. What was the outcome? It was the immediate arrest of Bishop Diaz by order of President Calles. At first it was reported that the prelate was to be deported to Cuba from Vera Cruz; but on the way to that port, the Bishop was taken from the train at Cordoba by order of the Mexico City authorities. The full report of Mr. Herring and his associates can be awaited without impatience—already they have disclosed the Mexico of Calles to the world.

EXPRESSIONS of public opinion in regard to the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, such as that given recently by the voters of New York State, mean nothing to prohibition leaders who rest in fancied security on the fact that "the law is the law"; and who, even though the law may sometimes be made to appear what Bumble thought it under certain contingencies, control by fear sufficient of those who vote dry and drink wet to see that it is not changed. This complacency may be disturbed, not to say jarred, however, by the announcement that plans are being made to compel the attention of Congress to that public opinion which certain fanatics who imagine they control Congress desire to ignore. The anti-prohibitionists in the New York legislature, led by Assemblyman Louis A. Cuvillier, declare their intention of seeking the assistance of other states in a joint demand on Congress for a national constitutional convention to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment.

SINCE petitions from the legislative bodies of two-thirds of the states would be necessary to force action by Congress, the self-constituted conservers of the morals of the United States might try to laugh this off as they laughed off the recent popular vote in New York, were it not for the fact that petitions on various subjects already are pending from twenty-eight states, so that only four more would have to petition to force the issue. And with four needed, Senators Edwards of New Jersey, Bruce of Maryland, Walsh of Massachusetts, and Gerry of Rhode Island have announced their willingness to do all in their power to have the legislatures of these four "wet" states join hands with New York. Of course, the filing of the requisite number of petitions from the states will not ensure the relief sought, but at least it will bring the whole matter before the Supreme Court of the United States on the question whether such a call for a constitutional convention is not mandatory as far as Congress is concerned. The one thing needed is to get the whole matter of the Eighteenth Amendment and the operation of the Volstead Act into the open—to substitute calm consideration for coercion, and the dictates of justice for the fulminations of fanatics and the outpourings of the righteous for revenue only.

IN his address on the occasion of his third inauguration as governor of Maryland, Albert C. Ritchie emphasized once more his adherence to the Bill of Rights,

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as "the living, working, governmental creed for the people of all the states"; on which he based his belief in local self-government and his love for religious toleration such as was provided in the first provincial charter framed by the freemen of Maryland. In the elaboration of his creed, the popular governor conveyed in one sentence a message not only to the people of his own state, but to the citizens of all the states, which is particularly timely. After pointing out that the problem which confronted the fathers when they came to form an indivisible union of indivisible states, was how to reconcile individual liberty with strong and effective government, and that they had found a solution by establishing limitations on official powers by defining the rights of the state and the rights of the Union, he declared: "Maryland stands by these rights, and it seems to me incontrovertible that the strength of the Union and the effectiveness of free government lies in having all the states do so." That is a word that rings true. The state that surrenders any of its rights does not strengthen the Union—it weakens it. There can be no real union between states, half of whom are sovereign, and half slave to bureaucratic tyranny. The whole concept of the fathers is destroyed under such circumstances; the Bill of Rights becomes a scrap of paper. Every resistance to invasion by the federal government of the domain clearly reserved for the state, is an act to solidify the true union contemplated from the beginning.

ONE thing stands out prominently in all the discussion which has been aroused by the enforcement of the Baumes laws—the general notion that the chairman of the Legislative Crime Commission proposed and had passed laws for the treatment of habitual criminals which were as novel in suggestion as they were drastic in detail. Yet, in the very language in which State Senator Caleb Baumes defended the measures recently before the National Republican Club, there was something distinctly reminiscent. "Even if these laws should fill the prisons," he said, "that would not be an argument for turning habitual criminals loose to prey upon society; it would be an argument to build more prisons. Mercy is not for those who kill and steal. For thirty years, we have been building a Chinese wall to protect criminals, and have been neglecting the good people. The time has come when society must meet the challenge of the gunman."

THIRTY years, did he say? It is considerably more than that since a certain Uncommercial Traveler expressed himself in these words: "Why is a notorious thief and ruffian ever left at large? He never turns his liberty to any account but violence and plunder; he never did a day's work out of jail, he never will do a day's work out of jail. As a proved notorious thief, he is always consignable to prison for three months. When he comes out, he is surely as notorious a thief as when he went in. Then send him back again. 'Just heaven!' cries the Society for the Protection of Remonstrant Ruffians, 'this is equivalent to a sentence of perpetual imprisonment.' Precisely for that reason, it has my advocacy. I demand to have the ruffian kept out of my way, and out of the way of all decent people. I demand to have the ruffian employed, perforce, in hewing wood and drawing water somewhere for the general service, instead of hewing at Her Majesty's subjects and drawing their watches out of their pockets." Rightly or wrongly, that demand has been growing steadily during the years. The Baumes laws may not be models of perfect legislation, but that they are the logical reaction, not only to an extraordinary crime wave but to the system of coddling criminals, cannot be denied.

IT is well to call attention once more to the effort now being made to find and unify 1,000,000 supporters of the Catholic Near East Welfare Association. The work to be done is vast, involving as it does almost every aspect of modern sociological endeavor—famine relief, hospital organization, schools, and social adjustment. No other charity has been more warmly recommended by the Holy Father, and perhaps none is more directly associated with his personal experience. It should also be remembered that the religious purpose involved is unusually important. Though the schismatic churches of the Orient are now quite as firmly distinct from Rome as they ever were, they do practise religious faith in a truly Catholic sense. In their hands is the administration of sacraments which alone can modify the passions in the individual human breast, and so gradually arrive at the establishment of order in prevalent social chaos. Nor is it presumptive to hope that eastern and western Catholics will some day be reunited. Toward this end both events and the Church itself are working; and it is rightly felt that proofs of earnest charity will be more effective in removing differences than any cargoes of controversy, no matter how vast. Accordingly, The Commonweal is printing this week, the second of two articles reviewing the general religious situation in Russia, and outlining the status of the problem of unity.

THIS year's convention of Newman Clubs in New York City was honored by the presence of Cardinal Hayes, whose appearance showed that commendation of the work accomplished by the clubs which those in charge are most eager to receive. A feeling that the organization of students under the patronage of Newman is slightly irregular, that it is to be tolerated rather than encouraged, has tended to dampen enthusiasm and halt advance. No one could dispel this so successfully as the kindly and watchful Prince of the Church, whose interest in the intellectual life of New York City has long since been clearly evident. Ad-

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dresses were delivered by Mr. William D. Guthrie, the distinguished attorney; Lady Margaret Armstrong, and others. The vast crowd assembled (the Newman Club crowd grows with every year) had every reason to feel that their festival was distinguished and profitable. They are banded together in an endeavor of genuine importance, and are gradually undertaking subsidiary works which demonstrate how valuable was the suggestion which first brought the Newman Clubs into existence. Even though, as Catholic young men and women, they miss some of the benefits conferred by a religious educational atmosphere, they show a readiness to practise the nobler arts of life which is one of the most encouraging signs of spiritual vitality now discernible.

ALTHOUGH 102 contestants took the water for the Catalina Channel swim, only one—George Young, a seventeen-year-old entrant from Toronto, Canada—completed the course. Many reasons are given for the general willingness to let George do it, including vivid descriptions of attacks by "a big fish," and expressed disgust with axle grease as a sustaining lubricant for human box-cars. Of the feat itself, which won for George the wherewithal to purchase half a million packages of William Wrigley's famous confection, we have few details except that the swimmer battled bravely with great masses of kelp which retarded him more than the tides. Those who ever made the excursion from Catalina Island to the mainland by steamer, will be ready to believe that decaying seaweed was not the only savor of the passage. George may or may not be able to hang on to the $25,000 he earned by his exploit, but whatever he may do with Mr. Wrigley's money, it is fairly safe to assume that he will always be a firm believer in the Wrigley slogan, "the flavor lasts."

WHEN an east-coast correspondent of the New York Times wrote an article in which he gave reasons for believing that Florida was facing a serious reaction, he speedily discovered that reactions were among the things to which Floridians are particularly responsive. Letters poured into the editor of the Times by the bushel-basket. Secretaries of boards of trade and chambers of commerce arose to call the correspondent anything but blessed. He was labeled as "unfair" and a "false propagandist," and it was intimated that the truth was not in him. Presently, however, residents of the state who were not connected with booster organizations or real-estate combinations, began to be heard from, and commendation of the article made itself heard above the din of condemnation. The general tenor of these later communications was that facts are facts, whether they are agreeable or whether they are not, and that if outsiders have exploited Florida in the past and brought about a crisis in her affairs, the underlying reasons for the future development of the state have been unimpaired. This sensible and far-seeing outlook is justified by the facts. Real-estate robbers may have "gotten away with murder," but they did not take the Florida climate with them; they may have made miles of sea-sand where none was before, but they had to leave them behind as they had to leave the enormous acreage of the citrus belt, the great mineral deposits, and the vast opportunities for the truck-farmer which the state has yet to develop. They went, taking with them the shearings of many sheep not raised in Florida, and leaving behind them all that is Florida—a land of plenty for all who believe that an hour of work is worth more than a month of boosting.

THE business of divorce was never so prosperous as now. Apparently all more idealistic considerations affiliated with matrimony have been tossed overboard, and the business has at last been placed squarely on a business basis. The three most prominent suits now before the public are phrased in terms of millions; and the exact calculation of alimony possibilities now demands the service of efficient receivers and accountants. Even more curious is the case of a pathetic but wealthy wife who pleads disillusionment on the ground that her husband failed to provide the castle which he had promised in a rash moment antecedent to connubial bliss. This is, to say the least, a dangerous precedent. If marriage vows cannot survive the collapse of prophetic wooing, there is none of us who may feel safe. The only comforting aspect of the matter is that the castles about which most wrangling is now done are far too substantial to remain in the air. The point at issue can, after all, be adjusted under an alimony arrangement. It undoubtedly became true about the beginning of the twentieth century that matrimony ought to be considered a very satisfactory way of getting hold of somebody else's cash. That is why the laws adapted themselves to the situation in a good-natured manner, and that is also surely why so many people, who still theorize about divorce, insist that it is the right of true love to find the inevitable mate. For how can true love be true love without a castle and a lady in waiting?

AN Associated Press despatch from London announces that the British divorce courts are now becoming "dry-as-dust" places, with barristers no longer making impassioned appeals with eyes on the gallery, and few auditors for appeals of any kind. Furthermore, newspapers which once gave unlimited space to the reporting of such cases, now dismiss them with the barest mention. This is the result of the operation of the Judicial Proceedings (Regulation of Reports) Act which went into force on the first of the year. The new law, under which offending newspaper proprietors are made liable to four months' imprisonment or a fine of $2,500, or both, limits reports of divorce proceed-

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ings in the press to names and addresses of principals and witnesses, concise statements of charges and counter-charges, arguments on points of law, the summing-up by the judge, and any observations he may make in giving judgment. When this bill was under discussion in Parliament, Lord Burnham, owner of the Daily Telegraph, made the assertion that while sensational reports of notorious divorce cases would be banned by it in Great Britain, every detail of the unsavory cases would appear in American newspapers. But there are signs that the London newspaper proprietor may be agreeably disappointed—"agreeably," since Lord Burnham conducts one of the cleanest newspapers published in English—and that the reproach which rests on many American newspapers will be removed. The scandalous publicity given to the charges made by Mrs. "Charlie" Chaplin in her recent suit, has aroused the better class of newspapers throughout the country.

THE quenchless optimism of Mr. H. G. Wells is only equaled by the fertility and resource with which, to borrow a phrase once used of the historian Michelet, he goes on, from year to year, "improvising certainties." But perhaps more wonderful is his habit of making up and changing his mind on first and last things as he goes along. A rather good instance of this protean quality, is the first instalment of heterogeneous mass of prophecy, entitled The Way the World Is Going, published not long ago by the New York Times. After returning to a theme that is, if one remembers, also a prepossession with his William Clissold—namely, the prolongation of human life and vitality—Mr. Wells makes it clear that this benefit is not to remain, as heretofore, the privilege of a small class. It is the man of the people, it is "homo sapiens" in all his anonymity, who is to become " a more completely developed, longer-living, vital animal."

NOW The World of William Clissold was written more than a year ago. There is always the danger with Mr. Wells that in appealing to anything written more than a few weeks ago, the critic and carper may find himself barred by some statute of limitations. Perhaps the dark picture drawn of the man of the people in Mr. Wells's last novel is already superseded. If not, it makes strange commentary upon the rosy prophecies of today. "They [the workers] do not want a change: they want an inversion without a change. They have grown up in a coarse and ugly way of living. . . . There is nothing in the masses as masses but an unrealizable explosive force." Yet it is this "explosive force," these coarse and ugly-living proletarians, to whom Mr. Wells promises (by way, one presumes, of municipal glanding and grafting centres) the prospect of an indefinite extension of their undisciplined energies. No living novelist has written better novels than Mr. Wells. But somehow, in estimating him as a social prophet, a misgiving falls across our admiration.

GETTING EDUCATED

THE education boom still continues. It has been estimated by the Boston Transcript that 750,000 American youths and lassies are trying to collect credits; and we are told that more than a dozen colleges and universities have enrollments in excess of ten thousand. If it were possible to compute the number of those taking courses in the short-story by mail, or going to lectures at any one of a number of institutes established for the purpose of lecturing, the grand total of those bent upon improving their minds would probably reach a million. Food for thought! An army of 1,000,000 men out drilling for a year, and then making room for another million the next year, would mean a militaristic power almost beyond the reach of imaginative perception. Or think of a group of religious directors conscious of a million followers bent not merely upon conforming with the elementary spiritual routine, but upon deepening and developing the life of the soul! Precisely such a tremendous array of men and women is what the American endeavor of intellectual drill has been able to bring into being. Does it not mean a great common advance of the mind—the passing of ignorance, prejudice, and inefficiency?

Well, one answer is supplied in The Meaning of a Liberal Education, a book by Everett Dean Martin which is noticed elsewhere in this issue. "The modern attempt to educate everyone really educates hardly anyone," says our author. "The public school imparts a certain elementary instruction—in eight or ten years about as much as a normally intelligent youth could master in two years if he set his mind to it. The task of giving instruction to the youth of an entire community is so great that thoroughness is almost impossible." This answer is worth quoting because so many people agree with it. A great variety—we came near saying almost any—hard-worked instructors or teachers are ready to tell you that about the only thing school life succeeds in doing for the modern American community is to enable it to read the news about "Charlie" Chaplin and "Peaches" Browning, or to get the point of those very subtle jokes that make musical comedy an excellent box-office proposition. We do not accomplish any more because our definition of education is so primitive, so much a matter of utilities and conventions, that it does not include more.

But, it seems to us, this pessimism—the natural fruit of daily contact with immature minds and the rigmarole of standardization—leaves out of consideration a most important circumstance. Ideas, views of life, points of view expressed inside the academic boundaries do have an effect far more lasting than any accumulation of facts. It is these things which, in the depths of their souls, the 1,000,000 hopeful Americans are after. They do not want to know how to think, they never will want to know how to think. They are out to be

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told what ought to be thought. How many of them actually find the end of the rainbow is another matter. But they learn some sort of an intellectual schedule in the same way in which they gather the essentials of Emily Post, and during the rest of their lives conduct is governed accordingly. It is, therefore, not so unimportant as many people seem to imagine that there be a Catholic mind, alert and inquisitive, to take its share in the task of American education. It is not at all the same thing as the fact that more students are now attending colleges conducted under religious auspices. It could be only one thing: a force to which many Americans would gladly turn because they felt sure it could tell them what ought to be thought. As such, no Catholic mind exists as yet in the United States.

THE LANGUAGE OF MEN

THE latest news is an eloquent if ominous commentary upon the situation in Mexico. Those most competent to judge the state of mind now prevailing in that terror-ridden republic, agree that if the report of a revolution headed by Archbishop Orozco y Jimenez of Guadalajara is correct, it is the result of a brave man's ultimate resolve not to be hounded into exile or scourged into silence, but to die in defense of the Faith. The callous seizure of the spokesman for the hierarchy, Bishop Diaz—a seizure caused by government resentment of a reply given to American inquirers and followed by banishment to a country whose laws did not permit him to remain—seems to have convinced Catholics in Mexico that the laws of resistance have been rendered wholly just. If the meaning of Bishop Orozco's action is anything, it is that Calles will have to drink what there is left of his reign in gulps of blood. Meanwhile, the case for the Catholic defenders, outlined time and time again by men of varied creeds and positions of importance, remains unanswered and even unmarred. It is a case which, ultimately, is older than Magna Charta, and avers simply that every government must respect the consciences of its citizens.

But the Catholic case, and indeed the whole Mexican problem, is not understood in the United States. Bland innocence has varied with extravagant Quixotism in the debates of Congress. Does anyone really imagine that we, who virtually protect the existing régime in Mexico, can see that country leap into chaos without so much as disturbing our comfort? People talk of elections, of readjustments, as if the polls and the courts were not on fire. But something more dangerous and disquieting than Quixotism, something that comes perilously near linking hands with the un-American intolerance latent everywhere under the surface of our institutional life, came to the fore when Senator J. Thomas Heflin suddenly flung the religious issue upon the floor of Congress. He caught at the only spark which could have warmed his smoke—the strong and honest resentment of Calles autocracy expressed by a Knights of Columbus convention last summer. He ignored absolutely the circumstance that Catholics here have steadily refused to invoke the aid of their government, in spite of the fact that they have long since foreseen the outcome of the Wilsonian agreements with Carranza. To him, the plea of all the hierarchy for peace and prayer was a document without meaning and moment. Making horseplay out of deep Catholic feeling, at a moment tense with great political difficulties, was simply his way of displaying gross mental temper and niggardly ill will.

One fancies that if the Senator from Alabama had the courage of his convictions, he would assert precisely what a New York paper, important by reason of its circulation, had to say recently about the Mexican problem: "The program of the Calles government as to the position of the Roman Catholic Church, is identical in its inspiration with the long historic process which in Europe goes back to Henry VIII, to Luther, and includes the wars of Italian liberation. The inspiration is nationalist. We have got to decide as to Mexico whether we shall suppress that nationalism temporarily and by force, or whether we shall recognize that in its main inspiration and its chief purposes, all petty disputes aside, it is an irresistible development to which it is wise for us to adjust ourselves."

In other words, it is "wise to adjust ourselves" to what is now a constantly intensifying suppression of regard for human rights and reason; to a policy that abrogates freedom of conscience; and to years of barbarous persecution. For ultimately, who in the United States would really want to disagree with Henry VIII and Luther? Who would be appalled at any excesses, at any repudiation of democratic privileges, so long as the "inspiration" was right?

Well, suppose the policy of aloofness from Mexico were really a fact of United States political practice. Suppose the "regenerating intervention" of some years back had never taken place, and that there existed no agreement under which arms were to be furnished Mr. Calles exclusively. It strikes us that Mexico would probably be governed—were it not for these few facts—by persons much better qualified than those who now so thoroughly identify themselves with an historical tradition which "goes back" to Henry VIII. As things now are, however, there is no use trying to undo what has happened; or to convince an American public which still elects persons like Senator Heflin and reads certain New York newspapers. The great task is to fortify the spirit of Mexico—its still existing respect for justice and its religious faith—whenever opportunity offers a field of action. This task needs to be reckoned with right now. For injustice, the attempt to enslave, the assumption of spiritual autocracy, have again accomplished what they have always accomplished in the past—the resolve of men of good will to find peace in death.

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THE RUSSIAN CHURCH AND REUNION

By JOHN MITTERAUER

FOR many years past, Christendom has striven for unity. A recent manifestation of this desire was the congress in Vienna to consider the problem of Catholic union with the Russian Church. Organized by the two greatest religious-academic confederations of Germany and Austria—the Leogesellschaft, and the Görresgesellschaft—the congress appropriately selected Vienna as its meeting-place, for, as Cardinal Piffl declared in an introductory address, Vienna is today still the key to the East.

The sessions lasted through three days and listened to serious discourses by distinguished representatives of Catholicism, Orthodoxy, and the Uniats. Eight speakers dealt with the problem of unity scientifically; and my object here is to summarize what seems most pertinent in their remarks. No doubt the causes of the schism and of the constantly widened cleft between the Eastern churches and Rome, was Byzantinism—the subjection of the Church under the Byzantine emperors and the consequent hypernationalism of the oriental European peoples. This cause no longer exists either in Russia or in other states. The consequence, however—nationalism—must lose much of its strength before these peoples will recognize the authority of a Church that is above nations.

Here is an obvious radical difficulty. The history of the attempts at union with Russia show clearly that such success as was achieved was determined by political circumstance. Thus under Catholic-Polish influence the Brest Union of 1596 was arranged while "white Russia" and the Ukraine belonged to Poland. As soon as these territories reverted to Russian rule, the effects of the Brest Union vanished almost entirely. "White Russia" was rendered Orthodox in part by force, but today, when it has once more become a part of Poland, renewed union ought not to prove difficult provided the Catholic party in Poland is willing to solve the national, political and psychical difficulties which bar the way and which are far more weighty than religious differences.

The problem of union with Russia itself is, of course, far more complex. Ever since the twelfth century there has existed a bitter polemical attitude toward "Latinity": and today the Bolshevik rulers oppose all western European influence for political reasons. It must be added also that Catholics are mistrusted because the average Russian confuses them with the Poles, who have been hated during centuries. Finally, public opinion in Russia has been prejudiced by the blunt repudiation of Rome by religious philosophers and literary favorites. Dostoievsky deemed the Catholic Church unchristian and worse than atheism.

At the present moment, however, the greatest obstacle to union is the emphasis placed upon ecclesiastical nationalism by such groups as the Russian "Living Church." Therefore, the great idea of reconciliation between peoples must be brought to bear upon the issue, in the hope of removing as far as possible the bases of dissension. These are partly dogmatic, partly emotional in character. The dogmatic differences multiplied under the influence of the Reformation; but they are far less numerous than are the similarities of doctrine in the Orthodox and the Roman churches, so that no two separate religious organizations on earth are so much alike. It should be borne in mind also that large sections of the Russian people followed their leaders into schism only in form, remaining unconsciously but nevertheless essentially faithful to Catholic tradition. The oriental churches and Rome agree on the concept of "church unity" in so far as both declare that this must rest upon sameness of faith and upon acceptance of certain fundamental dogmas, namely the conclusions of the first General Council. The Greek Church, indeed, accepts the first seven General Councils.

Common to East and West also is the episcopal hierarchy. Both accept the Eucharist as food and sacrifice, thereby necessitating an active priesthood. Attempts at dogmatic development are noticeable in the East since the beginning of contact with Protestantism; but though these may seem to lead away from Rome, they have also a certain value in reconciling the Orthodox theoreticians to the idea of dogmatic development. Finally it may be noted with satisfaction that despite the great emphasis which has been placed upon the active life in Latin Catholicism, East and West share the purely mystical consciousness of the communio sanctorum—the community of life, beyond time, with the just who have gone before—the cult of the saints, and devotion to the Blessed Virgin. We may say, then, that though differences abound, the three fundamental doctrines of the Divinity of Christ, the Eucharist, and the veneration of Mary and the saints, are three mighty pillars upon which the bridge to union may be built when God wills.

But if from the point of view of dogma union is now possible, reasons emotional in character deter its probable accomplishment in the near future. These reasons are anchored in definite historical circumstances: the divergent culturo-geographical situations existent in East and West already at the time of the coming of Christianity; the fact that only the West experienced the profound effect of the Germanic migrations and so of the middle-ages, while the East lived in the spirit of Christian antiquity until the time of contact with modern thought; and the variations

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which thereby have developed between the Greek-Oriental and the Roman-Germanic ethos. The Catholic mind of the East is therefore preëminently liturgical and mystical; in the West, dogmatic speculation has been fostered for its own sake. Therefore, the West seems dogmatically revolutionary to the East and aloof from the ancient bases of the faith; the East appears lifeless and hidebound to the West.

Despite these differences, however, it seems advisable to accept the opinions of the Warsaw authority, Dr. Kolpinski, who affirmed at the Vienna congress that there is no radical difference between eastern and western religious consciousness. He believes that the millions of those who have never accepted the polemical books can be considered as living in the spirit of the Catholic faith. At any rate, it is clear that whatever is hostile to this faith in Russia has been derived from later Greek and Protestant sources. Dr. Kolpinski also developed the thought that a great error lies in drawing too close a distinction between intelligence and feeling in the practice of religion. He expressed himself convinced that the chief responsibility for this error rests upon the shoulders of the Russian intellectuals, and declared that the return of these to the Church was often prompted by nationalistic rather than spiritual motives. Of course, his listeners bore in mind that he himself was a native of Poland.

The delegates to the congress were particularly impressed with the psychological character of the problem of union. This was described by Baron Wrangel, brother of the general and a member of the Orthodox Church. He offered a very interesting survey of the historical development of religion in Russia—especially interesting because the point of view was that of a Russian whose interpretation of events was frequently far different from what would have been offered by a western mind. He believed that courteous respect for the Russian heart would accomplish far more than could be gained by keen proselytizing or learned arguments. The work of rapprochement is very delicate in character and is often nullified by wholly unintentional tactlessness. Baron Wrangel then enumerated a whole list of facts which have halted the union movement, and expressed in particular the idea that charity and relief work should be separated from the effort to promote union.

This address was, perhaps, the most important delivered at the congress, although various other speakers developed ideas of great significance. It remains to say something of the practical measures recommended by the delegates. First, it was decided that literary appeals could never have the value of personal contact, and that therefore yearly meetings must be held to which Orthodox theologians and prelates might be invited and given a chance to state their points of view. The object must be to stress what is common between East and West; to look hopefully toward the reconstruction of the Russian Church rather than to expect advantages to accrue from its collapse, and to preserve honest frankness in the tenor of the discussions. Thus Catholic truth may be preached and the existing psychological gulf may finally be bridged over.

At the conclusion of the congress, Cardinal Piffl transmitted to the Holy Father a number of official resolutions. The opportunity to invite students of Orthodox theology to attend Catholic institutions of training was alluded to, and a decision regarding the propriety of such action was requested. It was affirmed that the work of the Catholic Union and of the Monks of Reunion must be fostered by episcopal support everywhere, that apologetical books not polemic in character should be distributed, and that persons interested in the work and living in the East be drawn into the great effort.

It need scarcely be added that the congress did not expect to bring the day of union much nearer. Those present realized that success can only be the result of pentecostal grace, and that human effort must be confined to preparing the way, to influencing hearts, and to removing obstacles of an obvious kind. Nevertheless, many helpful contacts were established, and perhaps the way to the fulfilment of the divine mandate—Ut omnes unum sint!—is now a little clearer.

The Cliff Hamlet

No architect planned here—each shabby shack
Seems hurled together, and, if ever paint
Emblazoned battered shingles, the attack
Of rain and blizzard bleached it toneless. Faint
Nasturtiums grope toward sunlight from a crack
In broken boulders, for the grim restraint
Of granite conquers gardens. On the black,
Oft-burned blueberry barrens, the complaint
Of crows is loud. . . . A drab scape, save where blue
Waves crest in opal, climbing toward the cliff
Iris, or where reefs lace a pattern through
Calm patches of cool chrysoprase, as if
The alchemists of Neptune were amused
By watching emerald and sapphire fused.

When fog is quelled by summer, townfolk come
To picnic. By their doors the women stand
Aloof, or, hidden, twitch at curtains, dumb
But greedy eyes afeast upon the grand,
The fortunate, who are not exiled from
Gay city crowds to cliffs that will be sand
A thousand thousand years from now. Then some
Man shoulders forward shyly from the band
Before the ill-stocked store, and wistfully
Offers his little, since he has no more
To offer. . . . Here is hospitality
With the warm welcome of the humble door
Unlatched, the bed for asking, and the bare
Cupboard made wealthy by the wish to share.

JOHN HANLON.

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CONDITIONS IN PALESTINE

By DONALD ATTWATER

TO THOSE who know something of the real history of Europe and have the traditional Christian conscience of the West, there is a minor result of the great war which appears as one of the greatest of its achievements. For the first time in 600 years, we can look eastward to the cradle of our religion, and see it not obscured by the poisonous half-light of Islam. To the Council of Versailles, to the press which manipulates public opinion, to the mass of the people, this may seem a small thing. But I venture to say that Godfrey de Bouillon, Richard of England, Raymund de Saint Gilles, and their peers, would have accounted the blood and treasure, the misery and terror of five years, only a fitting price to pay for such a privilege—and the public opinion of Europe in that day would have been behind them.

Not that I would suggest for a moment that there is much in common between the rescue of Jerusalem in 1099, and its capture in 1917—or even that, except in loose rhetoric, the victors of the latter year were engaged in a crusade at all. A Crusader was one who fought to deliver the holy places from the Moslems; and the Egyptian expeditionary force bore about the same relation to the armies of the Crusades, as the English Order of Saint John of Jerusalem does to the sovereign and sacred military order of that name. Had our politicians had but a little greater degree of success, the hereditary enemies of Christendom would have been our allies, and the Holy Land still a Turkish province. Militarily and politically, the release of Palestine was an incident in, not the object of, a campaign. At best, the Egyptian expeditionary force was descended collaterally, not lineally, from the forces of Coeur-de-Lion.

The army of Duke Godfrey was a cosmopolitan mob, with a common religion and a common enthusiasm; while that of General Allenby was a highly-trained force, also cosmopolitan, but divided among three religions, with any number of subdivisions. The Crusaders took the city; straightway the Christian banners, the cross of Saint George, the leopards of England, the lilies of France, flew over its walls; and there was a terrible massacre of infidels. When the Allies took the city, no conquering flag was hoisted; only the Red Cross (not of Saint George, but of Geneva) the red crescent, and the red shield of David were displayed above their respective hospitals. Prudence dictated the course. And again there was a massacre, but of something more noble than Turks; it was a massacre of the high hopes of enthusiastic people. The root of the trouble was that Jerusalem had been captured, not only by the king of Christian England, but also by the emperor of India and by the sovereign of Mr. Balfour. Now there are some sixty million Mohammedans in India, and Mr. Balfour, in the name of his sovereign, had made a certain promise to the Jews. So it came about that, under the eyes of a horde of oriental mongrels to whom humility in a leader means weakness, the British conquerors, who do not understand what humility is, adopted, at any rate officially, an humble "we want to please you all" attitude, and succeeded in more or less disappointing everybody. Hence the massacre of hopes.

Jerusalem is the Holy City, not only of the Christians, but also of the Jews; and with much less reason, of the Mohammedans. They rejoiced together when, on December 11, 1917, General Allenby entered the city by the Jaffa Gate, on foot and walking alone—the successor of Cyrus, of Judas Maccabeus, of Constantine, of Heraclius; "visiblement pénétré," said Monsignor Baudrillart, preaching at Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre, in Paris, "du souvenir de Godefroy de Bouillon." It was indeed a fine act conceived in the spirit of the place, thus to enter—dismounted, unarmed, attended only by a few representatives of the allied forces. But there were some among the Christians, intransigeant, as one must be in this land of long memories, who had hoped to see opening and entrance made through the Golden Gate—that portal on whose site was the gate which witnessed the first Palm Sunday procession, and 600 years later, the return of Heraclius triumphantly bearing the true Cross recovered from the Persians, which for centuries has been guarded by Turkish soldiers day and night; for prophecy had said that through it should come the destroyer of the power of Islam in Jerusalem.

Months passed, and the high hopes were still unfulfilled. Hattin was avenged at Esdraelon, and half-a-dozen other battles; Damascus, Tripoli, Aleppo fell; the Turks were literally smashed, and sued for an armistice. But Jerusalem remained in statu quo. She became neither the King's daughter of the Christians, nor the Zion of the Jews; but was just el Kuds, no less and no more a Mohammedan city than in the days of the Turkish moutesarrif who held his office from the Sublime Porte. To Catholics, the British administration appeared simply Roman, in that it confined its activities to keeping the peace, settling disputes by compromise, and improving the temporal state of the city by the provision of water and so on. True, a Turkish soldier no longer lounged on the divan within the church of the Holy Sepulchre itself, defiling the place with his presence and the smoke of his cigarette (though the keys of the basilica were handed back to the Moslem custodians, representatives of the two families to whom Salah-ed-Din gave charge of the

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doors in 1187). Now one could openly pray in the cenacle without fear of one's life. But the high-handedness of the Orthodox Greeks was unchecked; the Basilica of the Nativity was not restored; the stolen tomb of Our Lady was yet in the hands of schismatics.

The native Mohammedan had welcomed the British general with a pun, as el Nebi, the prophet who had delivered the Mohammedans from the Ottoman tyranny which had begun just 400 years before when Selim I took Cairo, and wrested the caliphate from the last of the Abbasides. But they soon began to realize that, after all, Brigadier-General Ronald Storrs was, in fact, an accomplished oriental scholar and courteous governor, and not some prophet-descended moutesarrif. The Jews, who when the city fell had been keeping the Feast of Lights, in commemoration of the deliverance by Judas Maccabeus in 165 B. C., found that the omen was false; that they must still mourn for the palace which is deserted, the inheritance defiled by the heathen; for they were yet debarred from the sacred Temple enclosure, and they themselves regarded with suspicion or contempt by their conquerors. The new Jerusalem was, in fact, still the old Jerusalem—and so to a great extent it remains.

When in Palestine in 1917-19, having expected to find that in popular repute and distinction, the Eastern Orthodox Church was to the Catholic Church what the Anglican body is to the Nonconformist in England, I found the exact contrary. Of this, one of the keys to the religious position, Mr. G. K. Chesterton wrote admirably in the New Jerusalem:

> In the East, it is Catholicism that stands for much that we associate with Protestantism. It is Catholicism that is, by comparison, plain and practical and scornful of superstition, and concerned for social work. It is Greek Orthodoxy that is stiff with gold and gorgeous with ceremonial, with its hold on ancient history and its inheritance of imperial tradition. In the cant of our own society, we may say it is the Roman who rationalizes, and the Greek who Romanizes. It is the Roman Catholic who is impatient with Russian and Greek childishness, and perpetually appealing for common sense. It is the Greek who defends such childishness as childlike faith, and would rebuke such common sense as common scepticism. I do not speak of the theological tenets, or even the deeper emotions involved, but only . . . of contrasts visible even in the street.

The oriental churches, schismatical or heretical, are indeed stiff with gold and form; Romanizers in the worst sense of that cant term; childish often (but not childlike—only bland) torpid and woefully uncultured. A mere visit to the Latin churches in Jerusalem is a rebuke to one who would doubt our prestige and capability; and it is the same wherever the Church has gained or kept a foothold throughout the land. Schools, medicine, and alms-deeds are the three handmaids of religion in Palestine.

But the English and American Protestant missions which have descended on Palestine both before and since the war, have two valuable assets. First, they represent the official religion of the all-conquering British, and of what may become here, as in Egypt, not only the protecting nation, but also the governing class. This must give to them a prestige in the eyes of the natives that they have never enjoyed before; for hitherto Protestant missionaries have been looked upon only as an amiable source of temporal advantages, and beneath contempt from any other point of view. Second, without wishing to be offensive or using the epithet in any disparaging sense, it must be admitted that the principles of these missionaries are most accommodating. They compass heaven and earth to make a convert, not only from Islam or Judaism, but from the already Christian Catholics, Jacobites, etc., with some or all of whom they claim to be in communion. Lessons learned in "souperizing" days in Ireland have not been forgotten. It is a significant fact that twice in the years 1920-21, the Uniate Archbishop of Aleppo (Syrian rite) had to protest against the unfair bias shown against Catholics in the distribution of charitable funds, subscribed in America by Catholics as well as Protestants.

On the other hand, there is a curious feature of Protestant missions in the Near East, of which sight must not be lost. Whenever a mission is established, it is always announced that there is no intention of proselytizing among other Christians, but only of offering the advantages of European educational and medical facilities, and cordial coöperation with the native church. And, for a longer or shorter period, this program is faithfully carried out. But further developments are inevitable. These good men will try to improve, to spiritualize, and ultimately to reform these ancient churches (which know more about Christianity than their new teachers have ever heard of). Almost invariably, they come into collision with the local ecclesiastical authorities, and a few more schisms added to the divisions of Christendom are the result. This is what happened among the Orthodox in 1836, among the Gregorian Armenians, among the Syrian Jacobites, among the Nestorians (whom, for some obscure reason, they call the "Assyrian Church") and above all, among the Malabar Christians of South India, where the efforts of the Church Missionary Society have helped to bring about an amazing confusion of sects. The influence of the High Anglicans is not yet strong enough to have had much effect on these proceedings; and we may yet witness the spectacle of the non-Catholic Christians devouring each other in Palestine as they have done elsewhere.

These few comments on our separated brethren of Palestine are not set down in any spirit of malice or bitterness, but to show that the Catholic Church does not, as has been sometimes suggested, labor under any grave disabilities or unusual handicaps in that country.

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LOU FÉLIBRE D'IRLANDO

By CHARLES ROGER MILLER

ON THE rue Saint-Agricole in Avignon one day in 1859, a traveler tarrying in the old French city of the Popes stopped before the now famous Librairie Roumanille. His attention was caught by some books in a strange language that resembled Italian and Spanish but was neither. He went inside. Perhaps it was the poet Joseph Roumanille himself who gladly told the inquirer about the strange language and what he and his friends were trying to do for that language. At any rate, the curious stranger carried back to his hotel a copy of Frédéric Mistral's Mireio, published that same year by Roumanille. It was the beginning of a lifelong passion for the language and life of the Provence of Mistral, Aubanel, Roumanille, and their fellows of the Félibrige.

Charles William Bonaparte-Wyse, grandnephew of the great Napoleon and scion of an Anglo-Irish family settled at the Manor of Saint John's, Waterford, for centuries, was born there February 20, 1826. His father, Sir Thomas Wyse, served in Parliament and later became British minister in Athens. His mother was Laetitia Bonaparte, daughter of that Lucien who, marrying to suit himself and not his brother, had to flee that all-powerful brother's displeasure and settled for some years in England.

On Christmas day in 1859, Bonaparte-Wyse journeyed to Maillane to see the author of Mireio. He had sent Mistral some verse and asked him to Avignon. Mistral answered with an invitation to Maillane. In the following years, the Irish poet passed many hours with Mistral at his home or the homely Provençal Café dou Soléu at Maillane where Mistral came every evening to enjoy his coffee and cigar with his friends. The two quickly became fast friends and spent much time together. Once they walked together to les Baux. When Bonaparte-Wyse returned to England he sent to Maillane English and Irish journals with articles he had written on the Provençal poets. Mistral, in thanking him for one of these papers, discusses the origin of the word "félibre" and asks his friend to investigate the possible connection of the word with a somewhat similar Irish word for poet. In his Mémoires et Récits, Mistral tells how the word "félibre," taken unto themselves as a title by himself and his poet friends, was found in an old legend current at Maillane dealing with the Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, where the word seems to signify a learned man or scholar.

Bonaparte-Wyse was eager to make the Provençal language his own, and Mistral encouraged him, writing him in 1860 the somewhat dubious praise: "Vous êtes plus forts en provençal que tous les membres de l'Institute de France, voire que tous les docteurs de l'Université d'Oxford." Mistral's new friend and disciple began to write in Provençal almost at once. His poem, A mon ami J. Roumaniho, dated London, January 28, 1861, appeared in the Armana Provençau of 1862. The following year came a noël in Provençal, dedicated to his friend Théodore Aubanel.

The statutes adopted after the Jeux Floraux at Apt in September, 1862, created in the Félibrige—originally founded in 1854 by Mistral and six other poets of the langue d'Oc—a "Section of Friends" including among its seven members Alphonse Daudet and Charles William Bonaparte-Wyse. The latter it was who composed the famous device of the Félibrige: "Lou soléu me fai canta." A little over four years later, the congress of poets from Provence, Languedoc, and even Catalonia, held at Font-Ségugne in 1867, was organized by Bonaparte-Wyse, whose friend the Catalan Victor Balaguer was among the poets there.

Li Parpaioun Blu (Blue Butterflies) a collection of poems by Bonaparte-Wyse, all in Provençal save one in Catalan, was published at Avignon, Barcelona, and Paris in 1868, and drew praise from Victor Hugo, Théodore de Banville, and from François Coppée. Especially charming are two aubades in the manner of the Provençal troubadours of the twelfth century. From Waterford in Ireland came, in 1880, a volume of ballads "dins la maniero de François Villon," including a Ballad of the Dialects of the Langue d'Oc, and a Ballad Against Those Who Speak Evil of the Provençal Language.

Li Piado de la Princesso appeared simultaneously in 1882 at Bucharest, Plymouth, Barcelona, and Avignon, and was dedicated to the author's friend, the Roumanian poet and statesman Vasile Alessandri, later ambassador to Paris and premier of Roumania. Besides the volumes mentioned, there were many minor ones from time to time. Walt Whitman's Reconciliation, and I Heard You, Solemn-Sweet Pipes of the Organ are among the many poems translated into Provençal by Bonaparte-Wyse.

For thirty-three years this passion for Provence and Provençal dominated this Franco-Anglo-Irish poet of the Midi. Many times he journeyed to Provence, and at all other times he kept in close contact by letter with his friends there—above all with Mistral. Mistral admired Bonaparte-Wyse and was proud of him—so much so that he once sought to make him king! It was in 1863 when the Greeks were looking about for a monarch, that Mistral put forward his friend—whom he sometimes referred to as "milord" and "prince" because of his Bonaparte blood and noble origin—as the candidate of the poets of Provence for the royal throne of Greece.

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Bonaparte-Wyse was a poet in English as well as in Provençal. He had written English verses long before becoming familiar with the language of Mistral and Roumanille. During the years that followed, he continued from time to time to write in English but Provençal claimed his service most. As the years passed and thoughts came of the end, there seem to have come regrets. He realized that, after all, he was not really Provençal, that even to his old friends in Provence there must be something strange, exotic, even artificial, in his writing in a language not his own. And it might be that by his ardent devotion to the Provençal language he loved so well he had sacrificed fame and glory in his own. Who could tell?

Mistral cited passages from the poems of his friend as illustrations in his Provençal dictionary. In the letter Bonaparte-Wyse wrote to congratulate Mistral on his great work and thank him for the honor paid him, there is a note of sadness: "I cannot forget, after all, that I am foreign, a stranger, an intruder in the sanctuary. Ah! si j'eusse été Provençal!"

He is busy writing some poems in English. "I have not given up the idea, which I have neglected too much thus far, of doing something worth while in my own language. I believe it was Béranger who said in one of his songs, and I remember that you, too, were somewhat of the same opinion once when you were speaking of poor Séménow: 'J'aime qu'un Russe soit Russe; et qu'un Anglais soit Anglais!' "

In the autumn of 1892, Bonaparte-Wyse left his home in Ireland, of whose dreary climate he was not fond, to journey for the last time to his loved Provence. From Avignon he sent some verses in Provençal to his old friend at Maillane: "I have come at last to die in the land of flowers and sunlight—worn out, tired, and wearied by the delusions of life—amid the flowers and sunshine, in the land of my old affection, where the sun god shines resplendent in the air."

Charles William Bonaparte-Wyse died at Cannes on December 3, 1892. On the stone covering his grave in the cemetery at Cannes were inscribed the lines in Provençal he had sent to Mistral from Avignon a few weeks before.

FOOTBALL AND PHILOSOPHY

By JAMES H. RYAN

FOOTBALL supremacy and Notre Dame University have come to be synonymous terms in the vocabulary of the American public. For a great university to have achieved a national football reputation has its disadvantages. The visitor to its campus expects to be greeted by a troop of students in moleskins or at least to be let into the secrets of the system which produces championship teams. Before his imagination the heroes of former days pass in review; the thundering feet of the "Four Horsemen" echo in the still air as they charge to victory and undying fame. A strange place and a queer atmosphere in which to discuss the problems of philosophy! Strange and queer for anyone who does not know the soul of Notre Dame or who is unacquainted with its heroes of the classroom, but the most logical place in the country for a philosophy congress to all who appreciate that the academic fire does not burn less brightly at the Indiana institution because its athletic fame has risen to such tremendous heights.

Philosophy is coming to mean more and more each year to an ever-increasing circle of thinkers. What factors are chiefly responsible for the change in attitude, it would be difficult to state. Certain it is that on all sides students are beginning to realize that what the Germans call a "world-and-life-view" is not a useless piece of mental baggage, but a very real and universal need of the intellectual life. Pragmatism is largely responsible for bringing the problems of philosophy before the American people and for having stimulated interest in the solutions offered by the different schools of thought. A genuine desire to discuss philosophy and to arrive at sound conclusions is evidenced on all sides, and among no group is the interest more lively than among those who have given their allegiance to the philosophy of Saint Thomas. Of all the great thinkers of the past, Saint Thomas stands with Kant, Aristotle, and Plato as an enduring source of philosophic inspiration and a permanent influence on metaphysical thinking. This influence has been felt outside scholastic circles in all the continental countries during the last twenty-five years. It is beginning to be experienced in the United States, and it is the principal function of the American Catholic Philosophical Association to interpret Saint Thomas first to our own philosophical world, and then to the general public with the idea of arousing here something of the respect for this great mediaeval philosopher common among European scholars.

The interested spectator at the Notre Dame congress could not but be impressed first of all by the representative character of the audience made up, as it was, of professors of philosophy from about forty of the leading Catholic colleges, universities, and theological seminaries. An outstanding characteristic of the gathering was its open-mindedness and complete willingness to discuss every point of view presented. The latest theories relative to epistemology, the origin and nature of religion, the fundamental norm of morality, and the teleological aspects of nature were

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gone over and ably criticized. Certainly, anyone who attended the congress could scarcely say with exactness that neo-scholastic philosophers are either unacquainted with views contrary to their own or unappreciative of the sound points of systems which acutely conflict with the basic principles which they defend. The present writer has attended a number of meetings of philosophical associations and the Sixth International Congress of Philosophy. He is of the opinion that at none of these meetings was any topic handled more impersonally and with greater fairness toward the principles and arguments involved than at the morning session of December 28 of the congress when the contemporary conception of God was under discussion. Not only were the papers of Professor Sheen of the Catholic University, and Professor Phelan of the University of Toronto, models of exposition; they exhibited an acquaintance with current thinking which could only result from a painstaking reading and analysis of almost everything of worth which has been written on that subject in the last six years.

President Pace of the association is too well known to need praise. A pioneer in the field of scientific psychology, he has never lost interest in the more fundamental philosophical questions which lie imbedded in the very heart of any psychology which pretends to be more than a mere description of mental processes. Through the long lean years of expectancy Professor Pace has upheld the honor and prestige of scholastic thinking. For European as for American scholars he is one of the acknowledged leaders of the school in the United States. His presidential address was a model of clarity and conciseness, permeated with the true philosophic temper, exhibiting an understanding both of scholastic principles and contemporary viewpoints that cannot but make of it a memorable contribution to our thinking. Contemporary philosophy has been, he told us, a series of substitutions: man for God, brain for soul, event for substance, intuition for reason, the beautiful for the good, evolution for creation, and mechanism for purpose. Of course, if "truth itself is continually in motion, if, as some have asserted, it evolves—it and not merely our attainment of it, then plainly we need not be much concerned about substitutions and transfers of meaning, however radical or inconsistent they may appear at a given moment." The function of scholasticism is to "put people on their guard against substitutes, which in learned phrase only befog thinking, and warn them of interpretations which take out of life its essential meaning."

The first day of the congress was devoted to a discussion of epistemological and psychological questions. Professor John F. McCormick, S. J., of Marquette University, read a paper on Psycho-Physical Parallelism in which both the strong and weak points of the theory were outlined. Professor McCormick felt that a great deal of the confusion now existing in the field of the philosophy of psychology is due in no small degree to mistaken views of causality and of substance. He concluded: "Modern philosophy has failed conspicuously in its attempts to account for reality in terms of material and efficient causality. If the greater richness of the scholastic concept of causality were better known, I believe our thinkers would recognize the possibility of help for the solution of their problems they could derive from this source."

Sister Mary Verda, professor of philosophy at Saint Mary's College for women and author of The New Realism, presented to the congressists a paper on American New Realism in which the views of Professors Holt, Montague, Lovejoy, and Perry were cleverly brought together to produce a synthetic outline of this really important phase of American thinking. There can be no question of the fact that there is taking place in the philosophical world a veritable renaissance of realistic thinking. The movement has many points of contact with scholastic philosophy, but as Professor Miltner of Notre Dame warned us, "we should be very slow in admitting that we stand on any common ground with these philosophers. It would be a great mistake to give the impression that the new realism is even distantly related to scholastic realism, or . . . establish any community of doctrine with it."

The new year holds great possibilities for the development of the neo-scholastic movement in the United States. The membership in the American Catholic Philosophical Association is increasing, and interest in its work is wide-spread and deep. Recently Cardinal Bisleti, prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities, addressed a congratulatory letter to the president of the association. From France, Belgium, England, Germany, and Italy have come expressions of good will and promises of assistance. The new scholasticism, being the only truly international philosophy, has within itself possibilities of expansion through coöperative effort denied to other schools, all of which are national in character.

The one thing lacking in the efforts to make scholasticism a real contender among contemporary systems in our own country was an organ. This defect has been remedied and the New Scholasticism: A Quarterly Review of Philosophy will henceforth carry the message of the philosophy of Saint Thomas to English-speaking peoples. The first number of this new review has already appeared and contains articles by such prominent scholars as Professors De Wulf, Gilson, Schwitalla, and Haldi. In make-up, appearance and in the scientific value of the articles published, the New Scholasticism compares favorably with the Revue Neo-Scholastique, the Scholastik, and the Rivista Neo-Scolastica. It is a sign that we have entered as full-pledged participants into American intellectual life with the purpose of acquainting American thinkers with the scholastic philosophy and of gaining their good will toward it and their appreciation of what it can give to the intellectual and spiritual life of the country.

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MONET: PROPHET OF IMPRESSIONISM

By MORTON ZABEL

MONET lived, not to outgrow the craft of his prime or to see disregarded and disgraced the ideals for which he so passionately stood through his eventful and courageous middle years, but to see the whole modern world acclaiming the movement in which he was a central figure and modern art growing out and away from his contemporaries' achievements. He died at Giverny on December 5, 1926, and brings back to us, by his death, as colorful a chapter as the ultimate art historian is likely to record.

To recall now the historical storm-gathering provoked in 1867 when, writing a catalogue to accompany a current exhibition of his paintings, Edouard Manet first used the word "impressionism," is to evoke the spectacle—*in no sense dramatic* and yet how momentous!—of the great progress modern art has known. It is in France that we are able to trace that progress, and in France almost alone—even granting the importance of international developments.

The brilliant rôles Frenchmen have played in the history of painting—rôles which seem so striking and prominent to us now—were really given substance and incentive power in that gesture of Manet's. For the classical grandeur of Claude le Lorrain and Poussin had not been, in any noteworthy manner, carried on in the country whose later contribution was made by the hands of Fragonard, Watteau, Greuze, and the felicitous Nattier, artists of great skill and specialized excellence, but in no sense equal, in their achievement, to the task of making French art take its way through history with the magnificent progress accorded to the great schools of Flanders and Holland, Renaissance Italy, and Spain with the never-forgotten robustness and might that Velasquez found and gave.

In France, the nineteenth century was to be fortunate: the earliest indications of a new awakening, the unmistakable consciousness of an imminent new growth, came during the Directorate, and then the artistic genius fostered by those kings whose names we give to periodic developments extending through two centuries of complete organic richness and authentic aesthetic luxury, seemed now prepared for the utilizing of a new spirit.

In the sheer technical mastery of Ingres, so complete a genius in drawing and so much the index of our modern critical canons, that new spirit became forthright. Here the classical ideal was motivated by a perception and an appeal even now with us: the obvious similarity between his odalisques and Manet's Olympia, now preserved in the Louvre with honors, is not, even superficially, the only relationship that so original an observer holds in respect to later growths. For, with amazing finality and taste, he, with David, was able to summarize all the tradition that French art had developed, to indicate the dangerous limitations her conventions were making, and to state, however implicitly, that there was some new interest to be found. Without men's finding it, he readily implied that he was ultimately to stand, not as a prophet, looking forward, but a patriarch, bringing to a head, in what he did, all the eighteenth century had arrived at.

The age took care that he was to become the prophet. That budding and now feebly-cherished Bohemianism which Paris supplied for the later records of a Mürger, took care, in its decorative way, of the second-raters, the Salon personalities, and the picturesque dabblers. The forest at Barbizon, the coastlands of Brittany, and in a new way the varying aspects of French society, peasant and patrician, soon found themselves objects of a new observation. To them turned, with now more abundant means and stronger impulse, the painters we have come to reverence. Supported by new motives in realism and a newly evaluated attitude toward nature, the immediate and worthy predecessors of the impressionists worked their unpretending magic. Now we see Bouguereau, with his unimaginative facility, ranged alongside his generally contemptible "waxworks" on the one hand. And on the other: Millet and his sympathetic judgment and candor; Corot with his contagious enthusiasm and lyrical inclination; Breton and Dupré; Cazin, so dependent on the classical suavity and selection of Poussin; Charles Daubigny, master of the severe perspective and the beautiful shadow. With the exception of Millet and, in another sense, of Corot, none of these painters will finally stand among the greatest; their value and importance will probably remain rather relative and of the group. But of their combined and collective importance, the final word will not soon be said.

It was with another means, however, that the impressionists themselves approached their task. Not content with discovery and closer observation, they became impatient with the means whereby the new subject matter was to be opened up. To the doors of an inhospitable Salon they brought work which discarded, with heroic deliberateness, the limiting strictures of conventional method. If the realism which the literature and politics of the age were taking so much into their scope was to become a vital realism, it would be obliged to develop within itself a means of expression not identical with the objective attitude and in no direct sense depending upon the nature of its material.

With the soundest employment of the imagination,

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the true thought value was added to reality; selection and interpretation ceased to exist as terms relative only to conventional standards which had taken the essential sap out of the growth in art. Acknowledging, with a reference which may still be seen even casually in the canvases of the school, the various forerunners of their attitude, they concentrated their attention on the production, not of "pictures" in the thoroughgoing and meaningless sense of the term, but of the faithful, vital, illuminating record, the purest product of selective art.

The apologists for and, latterly, the historians of that endeavor are now almost legion. For by slow stages, between 1867 and the end of the century, there grew an accord and an acceptance at once engaging and colorful. It is hardly necessary to refer to the characteristic aphorism of the 'nineties to admit that this art came to make nature agree with her, to make people observe and note and respond as the artist's intention would ideally have them observe, note, and respond. The conversion, though painfully gradual, was complete, and now we find ourselves dealing with new problems and acceptances superimposed upon the impressionists' contribution of which we have grown so fond. The famous lights in Monet's haystacks, in Manet's birds and planes and fabrics, in Besnard's figures, and in Renoir's still lifes catch and attract us; the contemporary art student has learned to attach his understanding of values and relations to them.

Monet's particular rôle in the movement was from the first a prominent one. Born in 1840, his experience was first-hand from the start, and of his close companions he was the only one to live so far on into the new century as to see his own part triumph and the new experimentalists almost succeed in equaling, in popular eyes at least, his own advances and success. His earliest tuition under Boudin and, beginning in 1863, his eventful and not altogether successful sitting under Gleyre, preceded, with his military experiences in Africa, the ripening of his significant friendships. The fellowship device in literature and art formed again a scheme whereby the point of departure was to be reached. Of this group, the Anglo-French Alfred Sisley was the first to associate himself with the young Monet and their names are still linked as readily as their canvases are hung adjacently in the gallery. Sisley, without attaining to eminence in the group, still worked faithfully and with distinction in it, and his landscapes, while lacking something of the underlying strength of the others, are pure in values and lastingly straightforward in intention.

Greater friends came: Gustave Courbet, Edouard Manet, Edgar Degas, Renoir, and their company which, in Berthe Morisot and subsequently in Mary Cassatt, the American, came to include several illustrious women, and, in the discontented and constantly searching Cezanne, to embrace the figure who, of all of them, was to furnish most readily the note whereon the daring and audacious post-impressionists were to play with such variety, interest, and apparent facility. Monet first exhibited in the Salon in 1865 and so, for twenty-five years, he was in the thick of the fray which continued with vigor and might until 1890 when, with the acceptance and triumph of Whistler in England and Manet in France, impressionism may be said to have been triumphant. Then its masters had developed to the extent of downing emphatically the first great weapon of the antagonists: that impression in art meant the neglect, even the absence, of technical control.

This technical scholarship was from the first at the base of Monet's art. In 1876, when his first exhibition appeared in the famous rooms at Durand-Ruel's, he supplied with some of the same pictures now so enormously valued, the foil for the attack. But Gleyre had probably given him technique, if nothing else, and no one would now question for a moment the purity of his motives in working in the newer manner. Patience of the most exquisite variety became his motto. His analysis of light, now detailed to the student and constantly given out in anecdotal form, became his artist's religion. Never carrying this to the most exaggerated sort of "pointillisme" (as in Carron and Seurat) he still achieved a light balance which will probably live as classical of its sort.

In none of his pictures do we look for the consciously heroic or the deliberately personal elements which we find in the simplified grandeur of Puvis de Chavannes or in the remarkable personalities which Manet was able to see and paint. La Touche and Carrière remained painters for society; Moreau for the finical tastes of gallery-mongers; the tradition of Carolus Duran supplied the wealthy with portraits. Forain's dramatic incisiveness did not bother Monet; neither did the ingenious appeals made by the mechanical specialists who came after 1900. Though doubtless interested in the apparent sincerity which his later days saw in such performances as those of Les Six, the Vorticists, and the pioneering Cubists, he would most likely have scorned their approach and their appeal. These alike are to be found nowhere in his art. It ranges itself about the walls of the gallery, now obvious in beauty, it is true, but a consistent and continuous achievement, where no note jars and where no grievous error in judgment and in method may be found.

In the great panels depicting water, lilies, and wonderful reflections which his last few years saw him undertaking, the climax of his life may be found. For he there carried on on an immense scale, what he had been content to do elsewhere in ordinary terms. The "Master" he must have been to Bracque, Picasso, Derain, and the others now in their ascendant. In Jovian triumph he lived to include in his life the rich and complete developments which make his country so eminent today in the field of painting.

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POEMS

Sursum Corda

Perhaps they do grow old and die—
Swallow, and bee, and butterfly.

Yet when next summer comes, lo there
The same wild acrobats of air!
The swallows playing, daft and free,
Like monkeys in an azure tree. . .
The bees, who toward pink honey-bins
Zoom like June's gargoyle zeppelins. . . .
And ageless antic butterflies—
Winged daffodils from Paradise.

Nature is always the same age:
Decay is her mere cozenage.
Though time may seize on you and me,
Life stands within eternity.

Youth is an inexhaustless draught:
And though death set his lips and quaffed
Forever, he could do no more
Than make a fresher current pour.

The earth's insouciant sanity
Should be a joy to you and me.
Death, the dark pendulum, may rock:
He cannot change the enchanted clock
That will not strike, for all his power,
Another than the morning hour!

E. Merrill Root.

Changes in Love

I still could praise you as I used to do
With proud, fantastic words; I still could say:
"The hour the envious shadows gather you
This solid world will melt like smoke away."
I have not yet forgotten—as if I could!—
The night our hearts were washed with flame and tears,
And we saw love to be our only good—
That memory would endure a thousand years.

If now love seems less vivid, most it thrives,
Having become the pulse-beat and the breath,
The very stuff and staple of our lives
Which shall go on and triumph over death.
Love changes, so they say. It does. We know
Something of that, for we have seen it grow.

Theodore Maynard.

To an Ancestor

I am so proud of you whose life lives on in me,
So proud, yet so unsatisfied. . . . You left behind
For my delight the transient treasures of your life—
  Why not your vigorous mind?

You bore the stress of those grave times in which you lived;
Always you played unfalteringly a patriot's part.
You left me chairs and plates and shining silver spoons—
  Why not your valiant heart?

Josephine Emery.

To a Stranger at Mass

Ah, hush thy heart,
  Thy errant thought,
  Thy pulse untaught;
    And on thy knees
Seek thou thy part
    In Mysteries.

Here dwells a hush
  More deep than death.
  Ah, still thy breath!
    So silence brings
The soundless rush
    Of unseen wings.

Here dwells a calm
  More deep than life.
  Ah, still the strife
    That hurt hearts know;
This hush is balm
    For any woe.

Hearts that are light
  Seek not this balm.
  Ah, make thee calm!
    For He is here,
The Still, the Bright,
    The Very Dear.

Elizabeth Case.

Winter Morning After Sleet

Glazed and paved with heaven, lie
Streets enameled with the sky.
Dawn finds sunset prisoned still,
Bright in many an icicle. . . .
Where the lawns are splintered glass,
Glitters brittle, vitreous grass;
Every twig of strange device
Glisters, jacketed in ice.
There a hillside's glacial glow
Holds a crystal lava's flow.
Ice and fire, ice and fire,
Pausing in their ancient duel,
Brothers now in one desire,
Fuse the city to a jewel!

Louis Ginsberg.

Anklets

Which would you have, my soul,
Silver anklets and attar of roses,
Or free feet and the rain?

Would you ride in a swaying howdah,
Or would you swing down empty lanes,
And have hunger for salt?

Silver anklets chain the mind to emptiness;
Hunger leaves the soul free to love,
And to enduring pain.

Mary M. Rooney.

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COMMUNICATIONS

CAN LABOR BE RECTIFIED?

Omaha, Neb.

TO the Editor:—I have just finished reading Frank H. Spearman's article, Can Labor Be Rectified?, in The Commonweal of January 5. His assumption that the majority of members of the trade and labor-unions of the United States are Catholic in faith will make anyone acquainted with the facts smile. His further assumption that labor leaders of the United States are "indifferent" to what is being done by their members is equally unwarranted.

If Mr. Spearman would do a little research work, and become acquainted, not merely with the heads of the international and national unions, but with the men who are at the heads of the local unions as well, he might modify his views somewhat. He will find that the man who "gave one of the finest addresses I have ever heard. . . . a man who would win the heart of any Catholic through his straightforward, unassuming attitude of Christian charity," is not the exception, by any means, in the labor-unions. If he will take note of the proceedings of last Labor Sunday (the first Sunday in September) he will learn that thousands of the pulpits throughout the land were filled by speakers from the ranks of organized labor.

To discover the attitude of the Church toward labor, he should read the addresses at the Denver, 1921, convention of the American Federation of Labor, especially that of Bishop Tihen. More recently, the sermon delivered by Dr. Ryan at Saint Aloysius Church, Detroit, to the delegates of the American Federation of Labor, last October. He will discover many fine instances of the understanding between the Church and labor in the records.

His proposal for a Christian labor-union is not a new one. It was tried, with not very much success in Canada. Its weakness is that it divides men on creedal lines. Enough of such division already exists to confuse thinking. Some labor-unions have suffered from the intrusion of the Klan. To add another dividing line will be to destroy the work entirely. All religious leaders, especially the heads of the Catholic Church, are helping labor, doing it in a serious, practical way, and getting results.

T. W. McCULLOUGH.

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Frank Spearman (The Commonweal, January 5) appears to be indulging in glittering generalities. There are very few strikes accompanied by violence, and when it does occur, labor leaders are the first to quell it. In most cases, it has been absolutely proven that the violence was committed by agitators hired by the employers in order to mold public opinion against the strikers. One would be led to believe that all labor leaders are reprobates, and that the most corrupt element is exploited in the public press. Mr. Spearman admits that he bases his conclusions on "opinions made up from stories in the press." How can anyone judge a class of people by the few who gain notoriety in the newspapers? It would be just as fair to say that all Catholics are evil and corrupt, because a few of them are.

Mr. Spearman admits that he has "never come in contact pleasantly or unpleasantly with a labor-union." That is very evident. He apparently does not realize that a strike is the last resort. He is evidently unaware of the arbitrations and the compromises which precede a strike. He has not considered that for the one strike that is called many are averted by fair settlements between the employers and the labor-unions. Who is responsible, to a large extent, for these peaceful adjustments? The "corrupt" labor leaders! He has not heard (as I have) one of these same leaders argue with a group of angry men (the majority of them Catholics) until they were willing to arbitrate, instead of preëmptorily calling a strike.

Mr. Spearman further states that in "our labor-unions the Catholic workman is numerically a very considerable element and that the non-Catholic cannot claim any appreciable proportions." Labor leaders are elected by their respective unions for short terms. If the Catholics constitute a large majority of the membership it would be reasonable to suppose that they would elect Catholics as leaders, but if, as Mr. Spearman would have us believe, they elect "atheists, communists and reprobates," is it not a serious indictment of the Catholic labor-union man?

ELIZABETH CURRY.

A LIVING WAGE

Denton, Texas.

TO the Editor:—Elizabeth Church of Brooklyn, New York, has a communication in The Commonweal of December 15, which she ends by quoting these words: " 'The laborer's right to a decent livelihood is the first charge on industry. The employer has a right to get a reasonable living out of his business, but he has no right to an interest on his investment until his employees have obtained at least a living wage. This is the human and Christian in contrast to the purely commercial and pagan ethics of industry.' " All employers should know these words. Why not broadcast them? Do all readers of The Commonweal know that section-men receive starvation wages, and that despite this a certain railroad operating in Texas reduced them two and three-fourths cents per hour? Shame on these selfish and unjust railroads. The public supports the railroads, hence it should demand that a living wage be paid to these hard-worked men.

REV. RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

KOSCIUSZKO: A LITHUANIAN

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—It is unfortunate that you should have published so distasteful an article as, Kosciuszko: A Lithuanian, which appeared in The Commonweal of December 29.

Kosciuszko was, is, and will be till the end of history the great Pole and the pattern of every Polish patriot. That he was born in Lithuania does not change things. Many other great Poles were born there; that he studied in Wilno University does not mean that he was not a Pole. Wilno University was and is now one of the Polish universities.

Adam Mickiewicz, the greatest Polish poet, a genius who stands on the same level with Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, was also born in Lithuania (part of Poland) and in his Pan Tadanor he says: "Lithuania, my dear country," but it would be foolish to deny him for such reasons the name of a Pole.

Suppose somebody was born in New England. We call him a "New Englander," but is he not principally an "American"—

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offspring and heir of the ideals of Washington, Lincoln, Franklin, and Wilson? The same of Kosciuszko and his Lithuanianism.

We have had Lithuanians from the beginning. Our holy Queen Jadwiga converted Lithuanians from paganism to the Catholic faith. We Poles are lovers of liberty for ourselves and for everybody; we try to live in peace with everybody and even with our enemies, and we are Catholics, but we do not like and we will not let anybody steal our own ideals.

The author of the article quoted the letter of Kosciuszko himself: "Know all men by these presents that I, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, formerly an officer of the United States of America, and a native of Liuthania in Poland," etc. This solves the question. Lithuania at that time was in Poland and Kosciuszko was a Pole.

Kopiec Kosciuszko, a big hill in Krakow (the heart of Poland) built by a whole Polish nation, Kosciuszko's sarcophagus in the Royal Cathedral Catacombs in Krakow—his monument in Washington, D. C., and in Poland in every larger city—his pictures in every Polish home honored the same as pictures of saints—are documents of the truth. Kosciuszko was and is a Pole.

REV. FRANCIS JABLOWSKI.

A PAN-AMERICAN COLLEGE

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Is there anything practical in the suggestion that the Catholic University would be the most appropriate place in the world for the employment of a million-dollar fund in the foundation of a Pan-American college? Could such a foundation be made a meeting point for the best minds in the Catholic world of North and South America? Could it be made to house a library second to none in Latin-American history and literature? Could it, perhaps, be made a second Douai for those who need what Douai did for England and Ireland? Do you suppose that our present interest in our neighbors could extend to the consideration of such a project?

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

MR. CHESTERTON AND MR. WRIGHT

Kent, Conn.

TO the Editor:—A recent editorial in The Commonweal, the tune of which seems to be the effrontery of a Cuthbert Wright criticizing a G. K. Chesterton, is of so peculiar a venom that I have no recourse except to ask you to give space for this brief rejoinder.

There is nothing essentially impudent in anyone criticizing Mr. G. K. Chesterton, but there is something unusual in doing so. It is unusual because it is many a long year since any critic of serious pretensions has given a thought to Mr. Chesterton at all. He is, and in my opinion, always has been a grotesque combination of verbal acrobat and heavy comedian who has long since become a bore. To say this in so many words in the New York Sun may be contestable, but I fail to see that it reveals any "bitterness ultimately becoming bile." What does reveal bile of an extremely misplaced and improper sort is the editorial. There the writer sacrifices one column of his magazine's space to defending a third-rate and superannuated writer at the expense of a young and unknown journalist, incidentally producing such gems of amiability as these: "Mr. Wright, it will be remembered, is the author of a promising if anaemic pamphlet—Mr. Wright is merely myopic—Mr. Wright yawls —Mr. Wright is still dwelling in the 1890's . . ." etc.

If the writer were dwelling anywhere at present except in the nervous and dyspeptic area of his own mentality, he would know that to make a fuss about Mr. Chesterton has not been done for many years, and that to mask a personal spite behind the battery of an anonymous editorial is not done at all.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

RELIGIOUS WORK FOR THE NEGRO

San Francisco, Calif.

TO the Editor:—A reviewer of Professor Dowd's book inclines to the same thesis as the author—"the Negro problem can never be fully solved." Students of sociology have investigated that question in its many phases, from political equality to intermarriage.

The Negro's soul is a surer problem than his social status. Periodically we are reminded in the Catholic press of the duty of interesting ourselves in his spiritual progress. Many writers have insisted a greater zeal in clergy and laity. It is encouraging to know what may be done, from what has been done at Saint Elizabeth's in Chicago.

That church was once a large and prosperous "Irish" parish. The neighborhood now has changed; the "Irish" have migrated, and colored people live in the pretentious houses south of Thirty-fifth Street. The "black belt" reaches far and wide. About two years ago, Cardinal Mundelein designated Saint Elizabeth's as a parish church for colored Catholics, and made the Fathers of the Divine Word its parish priests. Previous to their taking over that church, a parochial school and club for colored people had been in operation. The results were notable then; they are more notable now.

Recently Cardinal Mundelein confirmed a class of 400 adults in Saint Elizabeth's, "converts from Protestantism or paganism." That statement which found publicity in the fine print items of our diocesan papers, carries its own lesson.

REV. PETER MORAN.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND THE RADIO

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—For your information and also for the benefit of your reading audience, I give below the statement from the Board of Directors of the mother church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts, which appeared in The Christian Science Monitor on January 3. Authorized services and lectures on Christian Science are broadcast over Station WMCA (Hotel McAlpin) only:

"Christian Scientists, mindful of the admonition of their leader, Mary Baker Eddy, do not assail the religious beliefs of other people. If such attacks are made, by word of mouth, by radio, or by printed page, the public may be sure that they come from persons or organizations who are not within the ranks of Christian Science, whatever their claims may be. Christian Scientists who differ with the religious beliefs of other persons do not resort to abuse, misrepresentation, or vilification. On the contrary, faithful adherents of Christian Science heed the counsel which Mrs. Eddy has given on page 444 of Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, in the following words: 'Students are advised by the author to be charitable and kind, not only toward differing forms of religion and medicine, but to those who hold these differing opinions.' —The Christian Science Board of Directors."

EDGAR G. GYGER,
Christian Science Committee on Publication.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Mrs. Fiske in Ghosts

ONCE upon a time, when Mr. Ibsen was absorbed in matters of physical heredity and had an obsession against a smug sense of duty, he concocted a play which would explain to the world just how he felt about both subjects; and so, in Ghosts, we have an Ibsen lecture through the mouths of many people. It is neither as entertaining as a lecture by Bernard Shaw, nor as good a play as many others Ibsen wrote, and its chief value today is as a vehicle for a stellar actress who no longer cares whether the public thinks her young or not.

In it we have one of those unbelievably stupid clergymen who can be counted on to say the wrong thing on every occasion, and thus lead us, in good Platonic fashion, to the conclusion Ibsen seeks. It is Pastor Manders who gives Mrs. Alving all her golden opportunities to puncture the balloons of opinion against which Ibsen flings his lighted matches; and for good dramatic measure there is the diseased son, his illegitimate half-sister, and her supposed father, Jacob Engstrand, the carpenter. Like so many other Ibsen plays, the chief interest really lies in its revelation of Ibsen's own character and mental twists. Viewed as straight theatre, it is a somewhat creaky and artificial affair which never gains the proportions of fine tragedy, and fairly reeks with old-fashioned sophistries.

In the present revival, Mrs. Fiske, after a long absence from Broadway, undertakes to give us a quite new interpretation of Mrs. Alving. Thanks largely to the play itself, but also to a weak supporting cast, this new Mrs. Alving is interesting and amusing, but not inevitable. You have the curious feeling that this woman has a double name, and that it is spelled Fiske-Alving. Perhaps if Walter Ringham did not play the thankless rôle of Pastor Manders in a near burlesque key, and if Miss Jarvis Kerr's Regina were more alive, this artificiality in Mrs. Fiske's own performance would disappear. Even a real person loses caste in unreal surroundings. The sudden strength and power of the scenes between Mrs. Alving and her son, as played by Theodore St. John, would seem to bear out this impression. For Mr. St. John's Oswald is a very definite and fine characterization, charged with variety of expression and intensity of emotional force. Against this firm reality, Mrs. Alving herself stands forth poignant and alive.

The chief novelty of Mrs. Fiske's performance lies in its intrepid humor. It is a little bit the kind of character you would expect Laura Hope Crews to make of Mrs. Alving—rather proud, self-confident, a dramatic heroine in her own eyes, reaping her present recompense for past sacrifices in a bitter scorn for Pastor Manders and all his kind, a bitterness which she makes tolerable to herself through an assumption of superior amusement. Thus there is bite and laughter to her monosyllables which punctuate the pastor's long private sermons—a sort of Shavian wit carried out in gesture and expression rather than words. Although this definitely relieves much of the inherent gloom of the play, it does not, with the present Pastor Manders, add to its sincerity.

Fortunately, we do have those other scenes with Oswald, and with them a flash of the power one always remembers in Mrs. Fiske, an external power rather than an inner flame, but none the less moving while it lasts. New York should be definitely grateful for this brief return of an artist whose technical abilities and controlled vitality are all too rare these days. The next time we shall hope for a better cast and a far better play than Ghosts.

The Devil in the Cheese

HAVING taken over the little Punch and Judy Theatre and rechristened it, after himself, the Charles Hopkins Theatre, this enterprising manager has put upon its stage one of the finest stage settings seen here in many days—referring, of course, to that first-act scene of The Devil in the Cheese, designed by Norman Bel Geddes.

It represents an ancient monastery on top of a mountain in northern Greece, to which access can be obtained only by a huge basket hitched to a pulley and derrick. Mr. Geddes has managed somehow to give you the most unerring sense of being on a great height, surrounded by an infinite expanse of sky. And anyone who has attempted to create this illusion on a tiny stage will tell you just how admirable is his achievement. This is one of those times when it is quite justifiable to speak of the settings before the play—not because the play is undeserving, but because the settings are amazing.

The play itself is by Tom Cushing, and has many moments of delightful fantasy. It begins, realistically enough, with the arrival of an American canned goods king and his family at the monastery in search of archaeological treasures. Incidentally, Mr. Quigley also seeks to isolate his flapper daughter from a college-boy steward she has met on the steamer, one of those energetic lads who works his way around the world by such odd jobs instead of by joining the Marines. But when this persistent suitor lands on top of the monastery in an airplane, and the basket elevator gets out of order, so that the whole family is thrown in with him for a week, Mr. Quigley finds the situation slipping out of his hands. His daughter defies him. Then fate intervenes. An old bottle is dug up and on its seal is a prehistoric bit of cheese. Whoever eats this cheese will have his youth restored, so runs the legend. Mr. Quigley, being an incorrigible cheese addict, tries the experiment. Then the nonsense begins. Out of the bottle hops the little god Min. In thanks for his freedom, he offers Mr. Quigley one wish, and that astounded gentlemen says he would like to get inside his daughter's mind. His wish is granted—and in act two, we find ourselves within the curious brain of Goldina Quigley.

Are you surprised to find that the aviator-steward, Jimmie Chard, fills most of it? Or that he does deeds of most surpassing heroism? Or that Goldina herself is equally a heroine, whether on a shipwrecked yacht, or stranded on a South Seas island, or helping her husband to be elected president in the most naïve and fantastic political campaign ever imagined? Above all, are you surprised to see how Quigley looks through his daughter's eyes? If not, you can be sure that Quigley himself is surprised—and that when the baleful effects of the cheese pass off, he is a much changed father.

Coming back to reality, he finds that the monks of the monastery are only brigands in disguise. All is lost—until Jimmie Chard, now in the flesh, becomes just the hero Goldina imagined him, and all ends happily. Utter nonsense, of course, but, as it happens, quite good theatre, too, so that it looks as if the hoodoo formerly inhabiting the Punch and Judy Theatre

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might disappear along with the old name and give this innocent devil a long run in his cheese. Dwight Frye, Robert McWade, Catherine Doucet, and the charming Linda Watkins all play up to this nonsense admirably, with Frederic March sustaining the rôle of the heroic Chard.

Tommy

IT is certainly a pleasure to encounter on the New York stage an American comedy so clear and flawless in its character, so humorous and human in its action, so adaptable to a clean taste for honest things and honest people. The authors, Howard Lindsay and Bertrand Robinson have given William Janney a rôle in the title part of Tommy that he handles with great cleverness and art: his impersonation of the generous small-town boy whose love affair is retarded by the overweening enthusiasm of a would-be father- and mother-in-law, is one of the recent features of our theatrical season.

A special word of commendation should be given to Lloyd Neal for his very effective playing of the enthusiastic father, and Ben Johnson was perfectly cast in his rôle of Judge Wilson. Maidel Turner as Mrs. Thurber and Peg Entwistle as her daughter gave very creditable performances, which were topped off by an easy rendering of the important, if not very difficult, rôle of Sidney Toler as David Tuttle.

Hecuba

IN the performance of Euripides's Hecuba at Holy Cross College, there was some music of a very remarkable character arranged for modern use by Joseph B. O'Drain and J. P. Marshall. It was the Parados adapted from the Hymn to Apollo, discovered at Delphi in 1893 by the French Archaeological School. Found engraved in some eighty bars of music on slabs of marble dating from the third century before Christ, it was evidently a prize-winning composition in some competition in honor of Apollo. It was arranged in the American version from the studies of Mr. Reinach and Oskar Fleischer, and made an impressive feature of the Worcester and Philadelphia presentations of Holy Cross College.

T. W.

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BOOKS

Elements of Experimental Psychology, by Reverend J. De La Vaissière; translated from the fifth French edition by Reverend S. A. Raemers. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $3.00.

A COMPLETE manual of experimental psychology has been much needed in America. The advances in this science during the last few years have been so numerous, so many-sided, and yet so specialized that the general public is utterly confused. There are too many Henries in the field: structuralists, functionalists, behaviorists and Freudians, each ballyhooing for his particular school and, too often, neglecting or even deriding the achievements of other schools. Meanwhile the plain man has wished in vain for a text-book covering the whole field, to which he could refer in time of need as one refers to a modern text in physics, chemistry, or biology.

In the preparation of such a work, a Catholic writer has perhaps certain advantages. Not only is he less likely to be taken in by the exaggerations of a Watson or a Freud, but he will be aware that experimental psychology is not the whole of psychology and that rational psychology remains over, which, even as a branch of philosophy, is too frequently ignored by non-Catholic psychologists. At any rate, Father De La Vaissière's work, clearly organized, clearly written, accurate, and thorough, is exactly fitted to fill the present need. It was high time that it should be translated and thanks are due the translator as well as the author, despite the fact that a few errors have crept in, such as the amusing statement on page 100 in regard to Goltz's famous dog whose brain had been removed, that "he had a normal gait" immediately followed by "he had lost all ability to move his fore legs."

After a brief introduction, the author begins the work proper with a short discussion of animal psychology giving as an established conclusion that all animals are endowed with sentient life and—though this is much less well established—that none is endowed with intelligence. Proceeding to human psychology, he then takes up the various types of sensation. Here the most interesting points are that there is no specific pain sense and no specific time sense while distance seems to be inferred rather than directly observed. In a discussion of the Weber and Fechner law of stimulus and response, he shows that this law is no longer deemed capable of precise mathematical formulation and indeed makes the generalization that "measuring counts for very little today in psychology."

The relative importance of organs and brain in sensation is still a moot question, while the seat of images, on the other hand, has been definitely located in the brain. The law governing the revival of images is cautiously stated in the following terms which cannot yet be made more specific: "States of past consciousness tend to revive; they do revive, as a matter of fact, in the same measure as this tendency to revive unites with the tendencies corresponding to present states of consciousness." The organization of images seems to follow two opposed orders, one automatic and incoherent as in dreams, the other coherent and partially voluntary as in the work of scholars and artists. Peillaube's definition of perception is adopted: "a complexus of psychological states, sensations, images, resemblances, judgments and reasonings, all referring to some actual impression." Pure sensation, as contrasted with perception, never occurs in adult life. What are usually called "errors of the senses" are really errors of attention, association, or judgment.

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The psychology of the affections is in a very backward state owing to the peculiar difficulty of describing them, since words express ideas and not feelings. Nowhere, on the other hand, has psychology progressed further of recent years than in the study of instinct. Here the five experimental laws of tendency are simply invaluable for the educator: first, the law of the individualization of instincts—"When objects of a certain class elicit from an animal a certain sort of reaction, it often happens that the animal becomes partial to the first specimen of the class on which it has reacted, and will not afterward react on any other specimen"; second, the law of convergence of tendencies—"Where the same class of objects awakens contrary instinctive impulses, the impulse first followed toward a given individual of the class is apt to keep him from ever awakening the opposite impulse in us"; third, the law of the transitoriness of instincts—"Many instincts ripen at a certain age and then fade away"; fourth, the law of the survival of instincts—"If, during the time of an instinct's vivacity, objects adequate to arouse it are met with, a habit of acting on them is formed, which remains when the original instinct has passed away"; fifth, the law of the inhibition of tendencies—"Before the period of caducity, an instinctive tendency is neutralized only by uniting with the opposite tendency."

In his chapter on the unconscious and the subconscious, the author insists that there is no dream ego distinct from the waking ego, and, while he grants to the Freudians that some dreams may be the disguised realization of suppressed desires, he denies that all dreams are of this character. He also points out the dangers in the psychoanalytic method employed and advocated by Freud. Discussions of the intellectual and volitional activities follow; there is an attractively tolerant though unfavorable chapter on the alleged phenomena of telepathy and spiritualism; and the volume ends with a chapter on individual character and one on group psychology.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

An Outline Introduction to the History of Religions, by Theodore H. Robinson. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.00.

THE author has endeavored to give what he calls "an outline introduction" to a large subject, and has, to a considerable extent, succeeded. Beginning with Proto-Religion, a topic which is necessarily in large part hypothetical, he treats in succession of all the forms of religion from animism to Christianity; and throughout he wisely abstains from theorizing himself, but rather gives what is either established fact or at least widely-accepted theory. Hence, while a reader may not agree with each individual statement or endorse each separate position he will not quarrel with the general method or point of view. Indeed, one may go much further and heartily approve much of what is here set down, as evidencing a careful scientific approach to a subject peculiarly apt to mislead the unwary. A few such points may be instanced:

Few terms are more frequently misused by many a would-be anthropologist than "primitive." If the word means anything it must mean first in order of time; and while popular usage has conferred on it the meaning of "crude" or "uncultured," the scientist ought to be on his guard to employ it only in the original and strict sense. A neglect of this has led to a vast deal of muddled thinking. An explorer discovers a tribe of low cultural state and at once writes of them as "primitive," assuming that such lack of the finer things of life was the first (or primitive) condition of men in general; whereas the tribe under observation may have arrived at its "primitive" condition only after centuries of deterioration from a lofty civilization. And if such falling away be possible to a single human group it is possible to the entire race, whence it follows that the "primitive" condition of humanity may have been (though I by no means assert that it was) one of civilization—itself a concept not at all easy to define. Dr. Robinson, while not following exactly this line of thought, suggests it, and careful students of the history of religion will do well to follow his example and avoid the implication that the cruder or simpler religious cults are necessarily the older.

Another defect observable in much of the present-day theorizing that passes among the half-educated for science, is a penchant (I had almost said passion) for reducing the most complex of phenomena to a single cause. Someone discovers what he takes to be, and quite possibly is, a cause and forthwith proceeds to present it to the world as the cause, ignoring other causes at least equally important. Thus psychoanalysts reduce all human activity to sex; some modern historians interpret history solely by economics; some classicists trace Greek civilization exclusively to Crete; and so on. Each of these types is so dazzled by one part of the truth as to be blinded to all the rest. In considering the various theories of the origin of religion, our author pens the pregnant sentence: "It is not unlikely that in the long run we shall be led to the conclusion that religion is to be traced back to a number of different sources." An attitude so sane on a fundamental point tends to intensify the reader's confidence.

On the other hand, there are passages here and there which the present reviewer would fain see amended. For instance, the treatment of caste does not, in my opinion, sufficiently clarify the distinction between caste and rank or social position, ideas with which it is frequently confounded by Occidentals. And the assertion that "there is such a thing as a moral sense" is a little too positive, considering that many ethicists and theologians maintain that what is called "the moral sense" or conscience is in reality a judgment, i. e., an act of the intellect, and differs from other judgments, not in its nature, but only in its object. These, however, are details; where this reviewer parts company with the author is in the chapter on Christianity. Here I consider that he has not entirely succeeded simply because he attempted an impossible task. In these days, when "Christianity" is a term employed to cover religions so diverse as Catholicism and Quakerism, with the innumerable varieties in between, it is simply hopeless to describe the thing satisfactorily in a few pages. By trying to do so Dr. Robinson has fallen into a number of inaccuracies some of which are serious. Thus his use of the term "inspiration" would not meet the approval of a trained theologian.

The same may be said of his exposition of the doctrine of the Trinity, of Orders, of the Eucharist, of the Scriptures as a source of revelation. In these, the differences between Catholic and Protestant teaching are fundamental and cannot be treated as minor; hence it were better to consider Catholicism separately and not as one of various "forms" of Christianity. Again: It is not true that "the Roman Catholic service is always read in Latin," for the Ruthenians (who are undoubted Roman Catholics) do not use Latin in their liturgy, and the Roman rite itself is said in Slavonic in some places on the eastern coast of the Adriatic Sea, and sometimes at Rome in Greek. And everyone who has visited Rome during the octave of the Epiphany has been able to observe for himself how far Roman

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Catholics are from having, or desiring to have, liturgical uniformity.

On the whole, the book is well done and Catholics interested in comparative religion may well add it to their libraries. Perhaps there are not so many such Catholics as there might be; for many of us shrink from the study, seemingly from a fear that it tends to debase revealed religion to the level of the merely natural, and ultimately to weaken faith by insinuating the notion that the history of religion is merely a record of the vagaries and aberrations of the human mind vainly seeking after the unreal or at least the unattainable. On the contrary, to the thoughtful student the story, so often sad and pitiful, of the endeavors of humanity to approach God is a convincing argument that if there exists a God Who loves man He must have given, sometime, somewhere, a revelation, since without such revelation poor humanity, unaided and unprotected, but gropes in blinding darkness and often ends in disaster.

EDWIN RYAN.

The Martyrdom of Man, by William Winwood Reade. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

The Peril of the White, by Sir Leo Chiozza Money. London: W. Collins Sons and Company. $3.50.

THESE two volumes, the first originally published over half a century ago, the latter bearing the date 1925 on the title page, both attempt the fulfilment of Dr. Johnson's injunction to survey mankind "with extended view." There is, however, a wide difference as to object and method. William Winwood Reade designed his work as an introduction to the history of mankind somewhat on the lines of H. G. Wells's Outline of History, and toward the end he allowed himself some day-dreaming about a better humanity very much in the manner of Mr. Wells's visions of a future godlike race. Sir Leo Chiozza Money, on the other hand, confines himself to the present day and undertakes to present "the world's population in perspective." He does it, moreover, with a direct practical object in view—that of calling attention to the relative position of the white races in the human family and of the need of a change of policy, understood in its widest sense, on their part if they are to retain their present status of world supremacy.

Reade's book illustrates almost uncannily the extent to which bias, whether we use the term deprecatingly of mere prejudice or worthily of tenacity to clear first principles, enters into the historian's accomplishment of his task. The actual errors in mere statements of fact, which more advanced scholarship than that of Reade or of the year 1872 would correct, are comparatively unimportant. For vividness, breadth and force in presenting the story, conceived in the spirit of the title as a tragic one on the whole, Reade approaches genius. Yet the book remains a controversial tract for its author's particular variety of pantheism—he was rather inaccurately branded as an atheist by his contemporaries. The very same story in the hands of, say, Belloc or Chesterton, would yield an almost diametrically opposite conclusion—and, equally, a tract on the side of Christian theism, perhaps, but the difference should make us look to our first principles. We have too long divorced our positive sciences from our metaphysics.

One must confess to having approached Sir Leo Chiozza Money's book with a certain prejudice caused by its title. The Peril of the White suggested alarmist essays and frenzied appeals to "Nordic" superiority in the style of Lothrop Stoddard. It is pleasant to admit that this prejudice does not receive confirmation. The English author has given us a painstaking study of world population supported by the most accurate statistics available, and has kept it highly readable. Various controversial questions, such as racial superiority, opposing aspects of immigration, and the Soviets, are treated calmly and reasonably. There is, moreover, a steady refusal to be victimized by ready-made slogans and the shibboleths of demagogues. With delightful irony the writer says that, "We sometimes hear eulogies of the 'grit' of successful peoples; the fact is that, in the coal age, at least amongst the white peoples, the chief grit that counts is coal grit." Short shrift is given to the "Nordic" myth, which still dominates American minds more influenced by race prejudice than sound science. Sir Leo is, for an Englishman, unusually sanguine about the future of the United States and quite optimistic as to the outcome of the "melting-pot" process, which will, he thinks, "be consummated in a mixed people of supreme gifts, which will have been fed by enterprising members of every race in the world."

GEORGE D. MEADOWS.

Mexican Architecture: Domestic, Civil and Ecclesiastical, by Atlee B. Ayres. New York. William Helburn, Inc. $25.00.

IT has always seemed unsatisfactory, even with the help of a graphic style, to attempt a word-representation of landscape, painting or architecture, just as it seems impossible to convey the significance of musical compositions without a picture of the objects or a rendition of the music. We have heard so much about older Mexican civilization, its splendors and barbarities, that we can now welcome a proper pictorial display of its achievements in architecture.

Atlee B. Ayres has given us in his handsome volume of illustrations just the document we need in the present crisis of Mexican affairs to prove the high attainments of that nation, the vast projections of its founders, and the inherent civilization and culture of periods in its history that have all too easily been scorned by our northern critics. In a collection of 426 photogravures he carries us through the story of Mexico from the days of the Incas, through the pioneer missionary times, down to structural history of more recent days.

The display is, indeed, a revelation of splendors that will arouse the enthusiasm of any artist; that will awaken the pride of the more conservative student of Mexican affairs; that will cause some embarrassment to the facile observer from the United States. Confronted with these vast scenes of cathedrals, monasteries and private dwellings, built in the finest proportions, decorated with the most exquisite ornamentation of the Spanish renaissance, he will look about him in vain for anything in his own civilization to compare with them.

The cathedral of Mexico City has long been the admiration of travelers, and several of the episcopal sees of cities that have fallen out of the general line of travel can equal it in design and ornamentation. The amount of this splendid material is so large, so varied in character, that we must revise our opinions regarding the supine character of the later Mexican, and we may ask ourselves what has become of the spirit that could erect such a civilization, plant itself so squarely upon the soil of the new world, only to find itself stripped naked under the hands of brigands and become the sport and scorn of the rest of the civilized world. Were the dreams of these founders too vast for their people? Were the powers of rapine too powerful to be controlled by the earlier culture? Was it climate or race or religion that undermined these firm foundations and left them, as they are today, like the gaping pleasure-houses of the

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Iran emperors which as "They say, the lion and the lizard keep"?

We thank Mr. Ayres for this excellent document. It puts the Mexican question in a light displaying truths too long overlooked in the partisan and sectarian discussions of Mexico; his work is beautifully done and worthy of a noble subject.

THOMAS WALSH.

John Galsworthy as a Dramatic Artist, by R. H. Coats. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

ADMIRERS of John Galsworthy will welcome this book, which aims "to elucidate some of the ideas running through his dramas and to examine the technical skill with which they are set forth." Moreover, the author has written unusually readable and accurate summaries of the plays and analyses of their interrelations, and has illustrated them by excellent excerpts as well as by pertinent quotations from the playwright's prefaces and novels. For this achievement he deserves praise.

In the critical portions of his book, however, Mr. Coats, it must be admitted, is rather compiler than creator. Little by way of criticism does he say that has not already been said, although there is not a single acknowledgment of indebtedness to others. Perhaps, too, he allows his admiration so much play that he fails to dwell sufficiently upon the limitations of Galsworthy's art and characters, discussed, for instance, in such helpful studies as Sheila Kaye-Smith, W. L. Courtney, and others have made.

Scattered throughout the volume are many illuminating comparisons between Galsworthy and his contemporaries, both native and foreign, Shaw, of course, receiving most attention. This being so, one wonders how it happened that the author, who speaks of Brieux and Ibsen, failed to compare the Englishman with Hauptmann, whom he resembles in many respects. Mr. Coats might have made his book more complete had he availed himself of the suggestive discoveries published in 1917, by Walter H. R. Trumbauer: Gerhart Hauptmann and John Galsworthy: A Parallel.

FRANCIS A. LITZ.

California Fairy Tales, by Monice Shannoa. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

IF you be not one of those grown-ups who have lost the heart of childhood, you will read with delight these California Fairy Tales to which Ireland and Spain, America and the Never-Never-Land of fairies have made offerings. If you are old and cynical and crabbed, by all means do not bother to read this review and be sure to shut your eyes when next you visit your booksellers, lest you see there a book with a gay jacket, on which there is a picture of an Absent-Minded Tailor Named Stitch Who Lived in the Kingdom of Ripe and Dry Apricots sound asleep under a Joshua tree. If you see this book, you will be sure to imagine some child's hands reaching for it, and you will buy it. And then you will no longer be able to keep yourself old and cynical and crabbed; and that change might be unfortunate because we need a few such persons in the world to make the rest of us know how fortunate we are in not being like them.

Suppose you had got up in the morning feeling cross and had started down the street only to discover that the air was "fresh and green as a lettuce leaf" and to meet an Artistic Pig, a "round rosy little Pig with beady eyes and a twisty-wisty tail" who carried a basket filled with flowers and who jauntily sang:

> "I trot, I trot, I trot—
> Of money I have not;
> But I have an apple round,
> And strange flowers I have found.
> I trot, I trot, I trot."

would you not ask yourself about your own blessings? Or, if you met a Prince with a magic rain-cloud and you saw him nonchalantly gather it back into his pocket after sending it out to give a much-needed rain, would you not think for a moment of the Prince Whose hands are over and under the earth and Who takes such good care of us all?

These California tales have in them the repetition of descriptive phrases that children need and want. The illustrator of the text, C. E. Millard, has done the task admirably. There are sly subtle touches of humor that may escape the child mind, but that afford delighted chuckles to older understandings.

There has been much learned controversy of late about the advisability of eliminating fairy tales from children's lives. Child psychologists are so busied with the mind of childhood that they forget the far more important element, the heart of childhood. The heart of the child is reached easily through its imagination. The right kind of fairy tale through its imaginative appeal can do much to lead the child's heart aright. These California tales are the right kind of fairy tales.

SISTER M. ELEANORE.

Gautier and the Romantics, by John Garber Palache. New York: The Viking Press. $3.00.

IN 175 readable pages the author presents Theophile Gautier in his natural ambient—the literary and social Paris of Louis-Philippe and the Second Empire—using a style anecdotic, journalistic and facile, not out of keeping with the more journalistic phases of Gautier's own writing. That master of the finished miniature flings his "rose-colored waistcoat" to the parterre breeze of the first night of Hugo's Ernani, February 25, 1830, as the oriflamme of the romantic movement (if an oriflamme in waistcoat shape may be flung to the airs, metaphorically speaking, from aught but a clothes-pole) and thereafter he moves as a witty, humanly sympathetic figure through the author's book.

With the surface brilliance of Mr. Palache's writing is combined valid critical comment. Entire justice is done to Gautier's preëminent command of the imagery of language and that transcendent literary power which is the lambent inner flame of all he wrote. This and his gift for the trenchant phrase is well brought out in Mr. Palache's pictures of "the impeccable poet" at the Magny dinners, among the women of the Paris salons, in intimate talk with Napoleon III. And he also mentions what, alas, is but in a measure too true: "It is variety that Gautier lacks, and it is also depth and a profound knowledge of character."

And yet, any who are sensitive to a perfected, beautiful style in French prose and verse, one well-nigh flawless in its unerring choice of the right word at all times, will feel a tenderness for Gautier and his writing. Nor, at bottom, is he a decadent, or "flower of evil." He had that altogether pagan appreciation of loveliness in the abstract which characterized James Hunecker, and purblind American readers who snigger at his Mademoiselle de Maupin, lose its one and only claim to attention, the exquisite mastery of style which does not succeed in

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achieving the impossible feat of painting the intangible with a brush dipped in every tint of grossness.

One merit of Mr. Palache's study is that it makes us sense the honest, fundamentally normal child—often a naughty one—Gautier was at heart. For all the verbal disrespect which the flamboyant romanticist of his day displayed, he himself betrays his underlying religious feeling in various of his poems. Nowhere has the surging impetus of his poesy, bridled to a more majestic rhythm, been more finely expressed than in his wonderful evocation of the spiritual meaning of that greatest of Gothic cathedrals, in the "Notre-Dame" of his Emaux et Camées. It is almost a species of credo, undogmatic yet devout.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

Each in His Own Way, and Two Other Plays, by Luigi Pirandello; translated from the Italian by Arthur Livingston. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

PERHAPS the best of the plays reprinted in this volume is Naked, a sombrely ironical drama which has been greatly admired in all the theatres of Europe. The heroine who tries to establish another "concept" of herself after the first had paled under the brutal glare of "life," who then finds herself inextricably bound up with the real past, and who finally commits suicide "naked" before the world, is handled with singular deftness and creative understanding.

If the play as a whole cannot be said to possess the theatrical charm of Each in His Own Way, it is probably more interesting as an illustration of Pirandello's manner and doctrine. Few playwrights reveal such skill in intensifying irony. There are whole scenes of amazing dialogue. The much touted "doctrine," however, seems in all verity to be one of those more or less subtle Hegelian conjectures which various Italian literati have tried to substitute for pragmatism. Life in the abstract is, we are asked to note, a totally different thing from life in the concrete. This is true in the literary sense; it is also true, Pirandello contends, in the ideal sense. Our dreams are the prey of forces which attack from in the midst of outer reality.

It would be interesting to consider how this observation has served to create the basis for the great psychoanalytic critique of modern times. But Pirandello does not seem to have considered this aspect of the matter: at least he does not visualize it in his plays. The result is a certain chilly factitiousness which always characterizes the climate of literature in which the cerebrum has been busier than the heart. It is scarcely necessary to add that Arthur Livingston's translation is eminently readable.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Wunder im Weltall, edited by Paul Siebertz. Munich: Verlag Josef Kösel and Friedrich Pustet. RM 10.

ADMITTEDLY this is an age when popular outlines of science are widely sought after and even diligently read. Few of the works offered, however, have frankly adopted a theistic point of view, or have recognized the "buried intelligence" that is everywhere revealed to the student of nature; and so far as we are aware no Christian publisher has entered the field. Wunder im Weltall therefore fills a decided need. The editor explains, in an attractive introduction, that the book is the result of a wide-spread interest in scientific knowledge and also of the theoretical misapplications that are often made of such knowledge. His carefully selected contributors do not, however, go out of their way to philosophize.

The basic point of view defended by the book is made very simple by the total effect of the separate articles, which all reveal the "wonders" of the universe, and leave the reader to deduce again and again the conclusion clearly stated at the beginning. It is a highly commendable enterprise, and beyond that a most interesting one. The papers are concise, eminently readable, and yet authoritative. Topics as diverse in character as space, sunspots, the secrets of the sea, volcanic action, electricity, animal and plant life, bacteria and telephony are discussed in easily understandable modern terms and with the aid of the most recent information. In fact, if any fault were to be found with the book, it would be that an almost journalistic contemporaneousness sometimes has the effect of introducing theories as yet debatable. But we have no desire to pick flaws in work that is on the whole so admirable.

The volume is adorned with more than four hundred illustrations and is handsomely printed. It is expected that other volumes of the same sort can be added yearly, so that the reader will gradually acquire a complete panorama of natural science and of man's achievement in the exploration and classification of God's world. Surely there must be many readers of German in this country who would enjoy the book. At present we have absolutely nothing like it in English, and it is extremely doubtful whether it would be possible to produce here anything quite as good. The low price is also a tribute to the publishers. They desire that the work shall appeal to and be given to young people, but have carefully avoided making it a juvenile.

T. C.

The Life and Times of Martha Hepplethwaite, by Frank Sullivan. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

Winnowed Wisdom, by Stephen Leacock. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.

BEING funny as a profession is dangerous. The worst fate that could befall a humorous writer is to be discovered by the intelligentsia. Then he becomes in the Dial parlance "significant"—he writes of "the American scene," and his work is so filled with delicate nuances that his appeal to the public that reads solely to be amused is lost. Since Ring Lardner has gone over to the tear behind the smile, proving again the popular superstition that all comedians languish in their secret souls to play Hamlet, the white hope of popular humor is Frank Sullivan. With amazing regularity he turns out for The New York World humorous features that manage to be funny enough to put New Yorkers in a good mood over their morning coffee. He has collected what he considers to be the funniest of these and issued them as The Life and Times of Martha Hepplethwaite.

Martha, his acrobatic stenographer, is well accounted for, but the book is not all hers. He has included his composite description of the season's costume balls, some of his replies to circular letters addressed to him, and many other of his bright days' stunts. But by far the funniest thing in the book is his blurb on the jacket. If you have followed him regularly you are bound to regret that he has not included the morning that you thought he was so funny, but the collection is generous enough to include something to please every taste.

Stephen Leacock, whether from the fact that he has produced many other books of the same type or whether his dignified position as professor of economics at McGill University is at last beginning to oppress him, seems, somehow, less funny in Winnowed Wisdom than heretofore. The best humor feigns

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a certain direct naïveté and an unawareness of the audience at which it is directed. Mr. Leacock, who has been on occasions genuinely funny, is often irritating with his sly winks and evident nudges directed too familiarly at the reader.

J. M. KENNY, JR.

The Collecting of Antiques, by Esther Singleton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $7.50.

IT is rare that American printers and publishers produce for our public so fine a piece of bookmaking as the setting for Miss Singleton's interesting discussion of topics connected with the old china, porcelains, potteries, glasses, brasses, and furniture of the collectors. Hobbies are glorious things that need the careful direction that Miss Singleton provides, for something more is necessary to create correct appreciation of these things than frequentation of auction rooms, which constitutes the educational course of most of our devotees of virtu. The volume, furthermore, presents a fine series of illustrative bits of bric-à-brac and furniture.

Miss Singleton explains in her preface that she has omitted Sandwich glass and hooked rugs from her consideration, as in spite of their present vogue they cannot possibly be classed with beautiful objects de luxe. She cannot allege the same excuse for her omission of all reference to the Scandinavian ceramics of Denmark and Sweden which certainly have a distinguished history as well as a permanent art beauty not deserving of her neglect. Her discussions are for the main part directed to a proper appreciation of the various French, English and American ceramics, glassware, furniture and textiles that are most frequently on sale in our art rooms. There is some attention paid to Italian and Spanish bric-à-brac and references to Dutch and German glass. Her book, in short, provides a very interesting primer of decorative art.

R. G.

Rome and the Renaissance, translated from the French of Julian Klaczko by John Dennie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.

WHEN an English translation of M. Klaczko's work first appeared in 1903, it was welcomed as a good popular introduction to the Rome created during the reign of Pope Julian II. The book has numerous fine qualities. The arrangement is artistic and easily followed; the style is natural and good-humored without being trivial; the criticism of art or culture involved is fair and reasonable.

The great Pope, tragically destined to see the beginnings of the downfall of Christendom even while he was building a new Rome, moves like a grand but very human prince through the entire story. When the subject is one of such universal interest, the discussion becomes almost necessarily one in which a great number of average readers can eagerly participate. M. Klaczko's book should, therefore, find a large audience.

Though much has been discovered and set forth during the years since 1903, the value of a popular treatise like this is not greatly affected. We think the publishers have wisely refrained from altering the text, even though some of the works quoted in the footnotes seem a little antique. Instead, they have lavishly provided excellent illustrations—fifty-two in all—and have provided a format worthy of the best traditions of the Knickerbocker Press. The prospective voyager to Rome might well seek here a foretaste of what he is to enjoy.

A. F.

BRIEFER MENTION

History of Mediaeval Philosophy, by Maurice de Wulf; translated by E. C. Messenger. Volume II. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $4.50.

THE second volume of a very serviceable translation of Dr. De Wulf's panorama of mediaeval philosophy is, barring a few faults that seem to be misprints, as attractive a scholarly book as we have seen recently. Beginning with Saint Thomas Aquinas and continuing through the welter of scholastic debating to the end of the seventeenth century, the treatment is necessarily condensed but manifests admirable qualities of clarity and perspective. Perhaps the most interesting section is that devoted to Duns Scotus and incorporating considerable new material. Duns Scotus "did not criticize for the sake of criticizing, but in order to construct." Dr. De Wulf succeeds in showing that this constructive effort was not so alien to the synthesis of Saint Thomas as has been supposed. Another arresting section is devoted to Latin neo-Platonism—a curious Germanic development of which Master Eckhart was the most illustrious representative. Though one must suppose that the greater portion of a book like this can interest only the specialist, it serves admirably to reveal the vitality and manifold variety of the scholastic movement.

The Meaning of a Liberal Education, by Everett Dean Martin. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $3.00.

MR. MARTIN'S definition of education conforms very well with most effective current criticism of educational aims and methods. His book as a whole, in fact, is valuable chiefly because it offers an effective synthesis of sound contemporary opinion about a great contemporary problem. Of course the concern with "other-worldliness" being ruled out of consideration, the attempt to be constructive resolves itself into an attempt to formulate a generally acceptable and profitable statement of "humanism." If you prefer a model more satisfactory to you personally than Thomas Huxley, you will do well to look elsewhere for enlightenment. There is much interesting subsidiary comment in Mr. Martin's book, which—one observes with some regret—would be considerably more effective if it were considerably less lengthy. On the other hand, a chapter dealing with propaganda seems so interesting and informative that one should have enjoyed seeing it go on. Mr. Martin has written a personal and provocative book.

R. L. S. and His Sine Qua Non, by "The Gamekeeper." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

SOME detailed information concerning the always popular Stevenson make this book relatively valuable. For the most part it is written in that tone of awesome reverence which the humble associates of a great man invariably adopt when writing of him. "The Gamekeeper" was a young woman who recognized in Mrs. Stevenson a woman of poise and excellent sense. For a time she helped to keep the "Tale-teller" in good spirits by carrying on as a student to whom he taught composition. The method employed was unique, but what is said about it will interest all who take the problem of writing seriously.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"What," demanded Dr. Angelicus, "is troubling you now?"

Euphemia, bowed over a desk piled with magazines and newspapers, raised a furrowed brow.

"I'm just trying to make up my mind," she announced, "which are worse—impressionists or suppressionists."

"Why bother your foolish young head with such questions?" asked the Doctor. "It's about as sensible as trying to decide which are more breathless—social climbers or mountain climbers."

"I don't believe," began Britannicus, "that I quite understand Euphemia—"

"Are you just beginning to realize that?" interrupted Euphemia.

"What I was going to say," explained Britannicus," is that I know, of course, what an impressionist is, but that I don't exactly understand what you mean by a suppressionist."

"But you should," declared Euphemia, "for you are English and just at present, the English are the greatest race of suppressionists on earth. There seems to be no end in London now of things suppressed."

"Desires?" inquired Dr. Angelicus.

"Books," replied Euphemia. "They're having a great game. An author writes a book of intimate revelations about the contemporary, or recently deceased, great. The publisher brings it out quickly—and suppresses it just as quickly. It must be lots of fun."

"You refer to Whispering Galleries?" asked Dr. Angelicus.

"There's a more recent one than that," replied Euphemia, referring to the morning Times. "Listen to this despatch from London: 'Because of statements reflecting on distinguished people, Miss Roma Lister's book, Further Reminiscences, Occult and Social, has been suppressed by the publishers.' "

"The best scheme in the world, I suppose," said Dr. Angelicus, "for making the American rights higher, the United States editions bigger, and the Yankee sales better."

"Oh, Doctor," remonstrated Euphemia, "how can you entertain such a materialistic suspicion of this innocent little game of the English suppressionists? They're just playing—the dears."

"A very expensive game," remarked Britannicus.

"I wonder," ruminated Dr. Angelicus.

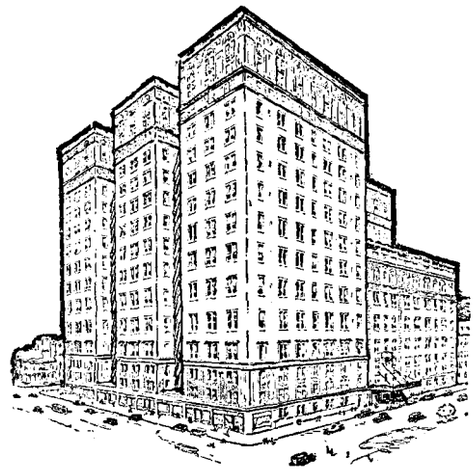
"The publishers of the book in question," went on Euphemia, "have issued the following statement: 'Our attention has been drawn to an absurd statement made in a book published by us last Friday, that the writer was told Kitchener's secretary was a German. We wish to apologize publicly for any annoyance to which any of those of his private secretaries who are still living, have been put owing to such a statement. We have immediately withdrawn the book from circulation."

"It would save the publishers a lot of money," remarked Britannicus, "if they would read the books they contemplate bringing out, before publishing them."

"Oh, but you wouldn't inflict an undue hardship on them like that, would you?" asked Euphemia. "It's so much more fun for them to publish a book first, and then find out later what it's all about. Thus they get the element of surprise—an essential in any guessing game."

"Nevertheless," said Britannicus seriously, "I think there should be a law compelling publishers to read their books before publication."

"Whenever you try to inflict unjust legislation like that,"



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remarked Dr. Angelicus, "you meet with stubborn opposition. An international protective publishers' league would be sure to be organized to combat such a measure."

"And the suppressionists would be the leaders of the movement," commented Euphemia.

"But why," inquired Britannicus, "did you link suppressionists and impressionists together?"

"Because right after that item about the book," explained Euphemia, "I read another one about a new painter whose first American exhibition was lately held in New York. It states: 'The artist belongs to the impressionist school, and has, according to the statement printed by the gallery showing her work, "achieved intense individuality, having successfully managed to forget the masters who taught her in Paris."'"

"Fickle lady," commented Dr. Angelicus. "I'm sure some of them were worth remembering."

"The art critic, in describing her pictures," continued Euphemia, "seems to have caught something of the impressionistic style himself, for he says: 'In her work she persuades, and chuckles a good deal.'"

"That's all right," said Dr. Angelicus. "I have always thought that the artist, too, should be allowed to chuckle. It would be unfair to confine this privilege to the art viewer only."

"The comments of this critic," continued Euphemia, referring again to her paper, "seem to concern themselves mostly with audible emotions. He has the aforementioned lady chuckling, and then he goes on to say of another exhibition: 'Here and there to give a balance, is a picture by John Sloan, Pascin, or du Bois where you feel that the artist is not always laughing. Not that we object to laughter, even raucous laughter.' He concludes with this personal confession: 'The only time we snort is when the painter denies his inspiration.'"

"Chuckling, laughing, and snorting in the art galleries are at least more to be encouraged than the audible emotion that I have frequently felt tempted to indulge in at certain exhibitions," said Angelicus.

"What is that?" asked Britannicus.

"Sobbing," replied the Doctor.

"And now," summed up Euphemia, "which do you consider worse? The suppressionists or the impressionists?"

"When there are two of a kind, one cannot be worse than the other," replied Angelicus. "As a matter of fact, these two are one, and should be classed under a common name."

"But what common name," asked Euphemia, "would you suggest to classify suppressionists and impressionists?"

"Distressionists," replied the Doctor.

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